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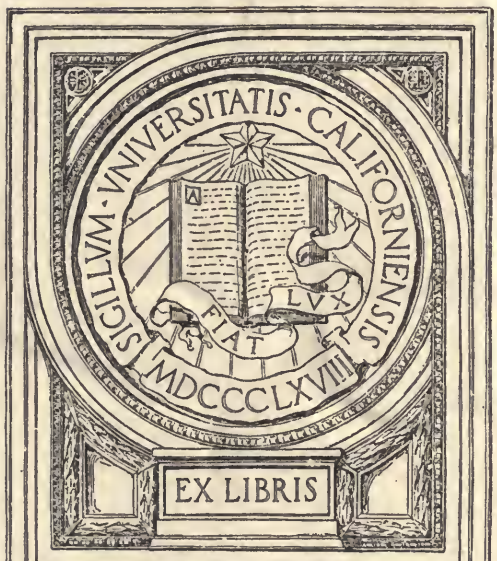

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Two Merry Milke-Maids

by J. C.

Date of earliest known original edition 1620

(*B.M.* 162, *c.* 29)

Reproduced in Facsimile 1914

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Two Merry Milke-Maids

by J. C.

1620

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIV

The
Two Merry Milke-Maids

by J. C.

1620

This facsimile is reproduced from the original copy in the British Museum.

There are other copies at South Kensington in the Dyce collection and in the Bodleian Library (Malone collection).

The play seems to have enjoyed some degree of popularity as it was re-issued in 1661.

Who "J. C." was is not known. The only contemporary dramatists with the same initials were Jo. Cooke the author of "Greenes Tu-quoque" (1614) *and a "Joshua Cooke" to whom "How to Choose a Good Wife from a Bad" is attributed in a MS. note in the title-page of the edition of* 1602 *in the Garrick collection, but who is otherwise unknown.* (*D.N.B.*)

JOHN S. FARMER.

283548

A PLEASANT COMEDIE,

Called

THE TWO MERRY MILKE-MAIDS.

Or,

THE BEST WORDS WEARE *THE GARLAND.*

As it was Acted before the King, with generall Approbation, by the Com-*panie of the Reuels.*

By *I. C.*

GRAM. BR. MUS.

LONDON,
Printed by *Bernard Alsop*, for *Lawrence Chapman*, and are to be sold at his shop in Holborne, ouer against Staple Inne, hard by the Barres. 1630.

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The Names of the Persons.

IOHN EARNEST, *Duke of Saxonie.*
Lord RAYMOND, *A Politician.*
LODWICKE, *Father to* Dorigen.
GVIDO, *Father to* Bernard.
BERNARD, *Sonne to* Guido, *and Student at Wittemberg.*
FREDERICK, *Sonne to* Lodwicke, *and Brother to* Dorigene.
DORILVS, *Brother to* Iulia.
LANDOFFE, *Tutor to* Bernard.
CALLOWE, *A foolish Lord.*
RANOFF, *A Knight, and Traueller.*
FERDINAND,
CORNELIO, } *Courtiers, and Seruants to Lord* Raymond.
CAROLVS,
IVDGES.
SMIRKE, *the Clowne.*
HOST.
DORIGENE, *the Duchesse.*
IVLIA, *a Lady familiar with the Duchesse.*

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THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

EVery writer must gouerne his Penne according to the Capacitie of the Stage he writes too, both in the Actor and the Auditor. This had the happinesse to please, as it was meant, the greater part, and of them net the worst. If there be discouerie made of the Coniuring words, you'le find the witchcraft: no true Spirit will be stir'd with 'hem; haply, a malicious. It was made more for the Eye, then the Eare; lesse for the Hand, then eyther: and had not false Copies trauail'd abroad (euen to surbating) this had kept in; for so farre the Author was from seeking fame in the publishing, that hee could haue wisht it bound about with the Ring. Some good words here you shall finde for your Money, else it keepes not touch with the Title.

Receiue it well, and though in this he giue
you no ill, yet hereafter he hath
promis'd you better
Language.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE PROLOGVE.

THis Day we entreat All that are hither come,
To expect no noyse of Guns, Trumpets, nor Drum,
Nor Sword and Targuet; but to heare Sence and Words,
Fitting the Matter, that the Scene affords.
So that the Stage being reform'd, and free
From the lowd Clamors it was wont to bee,
Turmoyl'd with Battailes; you I hope will cease
Your dayly Tumults, and with vs wish Peace.
We stand a'hazard now: yet being prepar'd,
We hope, for your owne good, you in the Yard
Will lend your Eares, attentiuely to heare
Things that shall flow so smoothly to your eare;
That you returning home, t'your Friends shall say,
How ere you vnderstand't, 'Tis a fine Play:
For we haue in't a Conjurer, a Deuill,
And a Clowne too; but I feare the euill,
In which perhaps vnwisely we may faile,
Of wanting Squibs and Crackers at their taile.
But howsoeuer, Gentlemen I sweare,
You shall haue Good Words for your Money here;
Stuffe that will last, we hope, and dy'd in graine:
And as yee lik't, pray know the House againe.

A PLEASANT COMEDIE OF THE MERRIE *MILK-MAIDS.*

ACTVS PRIMVS.
Scena Prima.

Enter *Bernard* in his Studie, Candle and Bookes about him.

INchantments plucke out of the Skie
The Moone, though she be plac't on hie.
Dame Circes, *with her Charmes so fine,*
Vlysses *Mates did turne to Swine:*
The Snakes with Charme is burst in twaine,
In Medowes where shee doth remaine.
And here againe,
Shee plucks each Starre out of his seat,
And turneth backe the raging waues;
With Charmes she makes the Earth to sweat,
And rayseth Soules out of their Graues:
She burnes mens bones as with a fire,
And pulleth downe the Lights of Heauen,
And makes it snow at her desire,
Euen in the midst of Summer season;

And what is it cannot be done
By art of the Magician?
'Tis true, things most incredible are to be done,
And I beleeue thee gentle Booke in it.
Neuer before my warie Tutor did
Leaue this doore open, which he well might call
His priuate Studie; for here Secrets lye
Were worth mans labour to arriue to 'hem:
Here are the Names, Shapes, Powers, and Gouernment
Of euery seuerall Spirit, their Degrees,
Their great Effects, particular Seigniories;
And 'mongst them I haue found one, if I had
But skill to rayse him for my purposes,
And here's the forme of it set downe at large:
But stay, what's this?

Amaymon *King of the East*, Gorson *King of the South*, Zimimar *King of the North*, Goap *King and Prince of the West*, *may be bound from the third houre till Noone*, *Dukes may be bound from the first houre till Noone.*

Pish, this is nought to me.

Asmody, *a great King, strong and mightie, he is seene with three heads; whereof the first is like a Bull, the second a Man, the third a Ram: he hath a Serpents tayle, he belcheth Flames out of his Mouth, he sitteth on an Infernall Dragon; he carryeth a Lance and a Flag in his hand, he goeth before others which are vnder the power of* Amaymon, *he giueth the Ring of Vertues, he teacheth* Geometry, Arithmetick, Astronomie; *to all demaunds he answereth fully and truely: he maketh a man inuisible.*

I, this.

He sheweth the places where Treasure lye.

I donnot care for Treasure.

He maketh a man inuisible.

This, this is it: Great *Asmody*, thou art the Spirit whom I would conuerse with, And I will fetch thee, if this Charme will doe it.

Now I haue layd my Circle, feare assaults me: So sayes my graue Instructor all men doe when they begin this Businesse; but bids me here be resolute, and dread not: for bound in this Circle, and by these words constrain'd, they cannot hurt me.

I doe coniure thee by these potent Names: *Panthon, Adonay, Algramay, Planaboth, Muriton, Bisecognaton, Siston, Diaton, Maton, Tetragrammaton, Agla, Agarion, Tegra, Pentessaron, Tendicata, Sorthie, Sorthia, Sorthios, Milia, Achilia, Sibylia*, You the three Faierie sisters of the Ring come and appeare to me, or send your faithfull seruant *Asmody*, or I will call the fiue Kings of the North.

Enter Landoffe *his Tutor like a Spirit.*

Land. For what thou daring Mortall? what wut thou doe with *Asmody*, now thou hast brought him hither?

Ber. I doe commaund thee that thou helpe me to the inuisible Ring.

Lan. Ho, ho, ho, Thou foolish Thing without Art, and lesse Wit, Do'st thinke it doth require no more but so?
It is thy Masters Master-piece to doe it,
And thou do'st call for nothing but thy Ruine.
Thou art now in my power, and I can teare thee
As small as Atomies, and throw thee off
Like dust before a wind: yet for I know thou art
Pupill vnto my Master, and his Minion,

And mayst hereafter with a word release me,
Here vnconstrayn'd, I vow my selfe thy seruant,
And will (acquaint me with thy purposes)
Effect them to the vtmost of my power.

Ber. Do'st thou not this in subtiltie, to draw me out of my Circle, and then ruine me?

Lan. I dare as well runne on the fierie Sword that wounds *Malantha*, *Thama*, or *Sitrami*.

Ber. I doe beleeue thee:
Then be gone; yet stay, a word more:
Thinks thou my Tutor, if I should conceale this Act of mine from him, that he would know it?

Lan. I thinke not: for hee hath giuen mee libertie these fiue dayes.

Ber. Thanks *Asmody*: now leaue me.

Lan. I am gone.

Ber. I will get leaue of him to returne back vnto my Fathers house, where I will liue, if *Asmody* can doe it, inuisible.
Not farre off is a Damsell whom I loue,
But neuer yet durst tell her, nor did know it
So feelingly, as now I am remou'd.
'Tis almost day I wisht, though not for feare,
For loue ha's made me a bold Coniurer. *Exit.*

Lan. And thou wert bold indeed: but youth is desperat,
Respects not dangers, howsoe'r they looke.
I came my selfe vnto this Art with trembling,
And when I first had rays'd a Spirit vp,
My flesh me thought ran like my bloud about me,
And I sat bathed in a cold faint swear.
But he was farre from raysing any Spirit:
He ran them so disorder'd, that no Deuill,

Though

Though he had heard him, wud haue knowne his name.
But it was my deuice, ſeeing him grow
To extreme Melancholy and Diſcontent,
To let him view theſe ſcatt'red papers thus,
That I might ſound his griefe, knowing how apt
And couetous youth is of euery knowledge,
If he might learne it with a little babbling:
But this is not an Art ſo to be gain'd.
Ile follow him, attending ſtill vpon him,
As if I were the Spirit he gueſſes me:
And if there ſhall be cauſe, Ile play my part
So well, that men ſhall prayſe the Magick Art.

Scena ſecunda.

Enter Dorigene *and* Dorilus.

Dor. Good Seignior no more irruptions, I tell you what you ſhall truſt to: I am not like a Mill, to be turn'd with wind and water; not all your ſighes and teares can alter me, keepe 'hem for Cuſtard-eating Dames i'th' Citie, there they may proſper.
Thou art a handſome fellow, I confeſſe it,
Haſt good parts too, I know it; Liuing ſufficient
To keepe houſe i'th' Countrey, and inuite
Euery good Tyme thy Neighbors, and at Chriſtmas
Diſtribute amongſt the poore ſix pence apeece,
And a browne Loafe: Good Countrey vertues theſe,
And may perhaps ſerue for a Doctors daughter,
Though ſhee haue read *Orlando Furioſo.*
But for me, that haue lookt higher into Poetrie,
And for a need can couple of my ſelfe,

Haue talkt with *Montaigne* and with *Machiuel*,
And can make vse of them; note him in this
Place shallow, here profound: and be th'only Starre
Whereto all Wits aduance their *Iacobs* Staffe,
And the Supreme cry me out Excellent.
What wud three hundred pound a yeere doe here?
'Twill keepe a blew Coat and a side Saddle,
But not maintaine my Coach-Horses in Prouander.

Doril. Most excellent of Women, that you are worthy
All that your hopes can lodge in you, I graunt:
But Fortune and the Graces were at ods
When you were gotten, else you had bin made
As great as Dignitie can make a Woman.
But yet you know (I pray forgiue my plainenesse)
That in Estate you donnot equall me,
If that were it I lookt at.

Dor. 'Tis true:
I thinke my Portion is some seuen score pound,
And hardly that byrlady: what 'tis I know not,
It lyes aboue in the Garret in old rusty Armour.
But what's that to th'purpose: ther's a Spirit
(Good or bad, I know not) whispers vnto me;
Be an Empresse Wench, a Queene, or Duchesse,
Countesse, or Marquesse at least, for those are trifles.
Now Ile tell thee *Dorilus*, because thou art a handsome Fellow, as I told thee before; when I am any one of these, thou shalt enioy me, in plaine termes, lye with me, and make a Cuckold: for my Ambition is to aduance Greatnesse. Looke, here's thy Sister.

Enter Iulia.

Iul. Come in a time I doubt to make you blush.
Why what mad conference are you two in?

Dor. For

Dor. For my Ambition is to aduance Greatneſſe.

Iul. As how?

Dor. Why as a Woman may doe; the manner is not to be ſhowne now. I am glad thou art come to take off thy Brother.

Iul. Take him off, why he is not ſo fierce, me thinkes. What, doe you weepe Brother?

Dor. Like a Watring-Pot; he wud make an excellent Fountaine in the midſt of a Garden.

Iul. A moiſt Milke-ſop Louer, hang him, on whom Loue has no more operation then an Oynion: Why, did not I tell you this was the wrong way, & taught you the right; Lectur'd vnto you according to my owne heart, and my heart is made of the ſame ſtuffe that other Womens are: for ſhame leaue, it is both an ill ſight and an ill ſigne to ſee a man drop at the Noſe.

Doril. Why you miſtake me, if you thinke I weepe.

Iul. No; what vſe then of your hand-kercher?

Doril. Somthing has toucht my eye, that do's offend it.

Iul. Some Feather like a Woman.

Doril. Not ſo good Shuttle-cocke, your pointed wit ſtabbes deſperately at all times. Looke you, 'tis thus: If you can loue me, faire one, ſo; if not——

Iul. So.

Doril. Yes.

Iul. So, ſo: *For he did but ſo, ſo, For he did but ſo, ſo, and ſo let her goe.*

Dor. Ha, ha, ha, Thou art a mad Wench, and haſt mercy vpon no man, far worſe then I. *Exit* Dorilus.

Iul. Not worſe; much about one, as the Collier to the Deuill: but what ſhall we doe, ſhall we not ſee the Duke?

Dor. Yes.

Dor. Yes faith, and thou say'st the word, and laugh him out of his Dominions: for to laugh him and all his traine out of countenance, is nothing; I haue a great mind to ieere the Courtiers.

Iul. Pry'the let's, there requires not much wit about it.

Dor. Is't done?

Iul. If my consent will do't, 'tis.

Dor. Why then 'tis done, and dun's the Mouse, and vndone all the Courtiers: my Father's gone before to meet him.

Iul. Yes, I saw him very spruce.

Dor. Through our Ground he must come, the houre iust at milking time.

Iul. Yfaith 'twere good——ha, ha.

Dor. Why do'st thou laugh?

Iul. Why Ile tell thee sirrah.

Dor. No sirrah, you shannot tell me, I wonnot lose the glory of the inuention, for I know you haue found it.

Iul. To goe like Milke-maids.

Dor. I knew it must out, or thy tongue had burnt else, To go like Milk-maids, And like Milk-maids will we go, To make sport with the Courtiers, and triumph.

Enter Frederick.

Fre. *The Maids they went a milking*
All in a mystie morning,
Downe went their milking Pales,
Vp went their Terrie diddle Dales,
And all was but a milking,
And all was but a milking.

Yfaith Wenches, are you for imployment?

Dor. I wud my Father had bound thee Prentice seuen yeeres agoe to a Scriuener, by this time thou hadst

loſt thy Eares: What make you eues-dropping here? I thought this had not bin a ſober time of day with you.

Fre. Faith want of money Siſter is guilty of the ſinne. Come, ſupply, ſupply, or out goes all, Ile ſpoyle your milking buſineſſe.

Iul. By this light if thou do'ſt, thou ſhalt ſtarue for want of Butter.

Fre. Come, the Purſe gingles, I heare it,
For Muſicke with his Siluer Knell
Rings vs all in at the blew Bell.

Dor. I muſt giue him ſome.

Iul. Giue him all to be rid of him.

Dor. What, you donnot meane to goe ſee the Duke, Brother?

Fre. Not I yfaith Siſter, I haue a Ducke of mine owne, that I muſt viſit——T'other ſhilling——

Dor. I haue no more, beleeue it.

Fre. Piſh, I cannot endure this paltring and patching betweene Siſter and Brother——— So, now goe your wayes and milke, but take heed of churning; our Dayrie maid got the tooth-ach with——

Dor. Your mouth's ſtopt, iſt not?

Fre. Vmh.

Dor. Why ſo then, pray God the Wenches haue cleane Waſtcoats.

Iul. You are reſolu'd then.

Dor. Reſolu'd! Thou art a Foole *Iulia*, thou ſhalt ſee I will doe things beyond credulitie. *Exeunt.*

Fre. This money ſhud ha' bought Tiffenie and Cobweb Lawne, And what a ſinne had that bin, to nurſe Pride, when it may purchaſe neceſſarie Claret?
My Father allowes me too little, I find that: And it were

 not

not for this good natur'd Pagan, my Sister, I knew not what to doe, vnlesse I shud run my head into a commoditie of Hempe, and that I must take vp at the Gallowes too, or else they wonnot trust me: yet I might haue a Bargaine of Crock-Butter, if I could get an Heire to be bound for't, your Countrey Gentlemen haue no maw too't; but your Cockney were the only man, for he wud take it vp, and 'twere but to make Tosts of. *Exit.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Lord Raymond, Lodwick, Bernards *Father*, Smirke *the Clowne, with Attendants.*

Ray. Gentlemen all I thanke you, your good wills
To me (as well as to the Duke your loyaltie)
Is showne in this your Readinesse and Loue.
He cannot be farre off: Pray let your men
Keepe off the Countrey People, that doe swarme
As thicke as doe the Citie multitude
At sight of any rare Solemnitie.

Smirke. Keepe back there, keepe back, or Ile make your Leather Pelches cry twango else: for some of them I am sure I made 'hem smoake so, that I fear'd I had set 'hem a fire. Foh, some of them haue drunk sowre Butter-milke this morning, mingled with Garlicke, which crudden together, makes but a ranke smell: and then they haue their Christmas Shooes on, their old dancing Pumpes, vp to the middle Calfe, keeps 'hem so warme, that here'le be a Perfume for the Dukes owne nosthrills.

Enter Ferdinand *and* Ranoff.

Ferd. Seignior *Ranoff*, you are well arriu'd.

Ran. And you sweet Seignior— 'Tis very precious hot, I protest I haue bin cooler vnder the Line. *Fer.* A

Fer. A Halter you haue.

Ran. I wud we might command ſome Drinke here.

Fer. Nay, and we could intreat it, we were happy: for the Seruingmen that were wont to be all Mouthes, are now all Eyes, they haue no other member vſefull about them.

Ran. This Lord has a moſt dulcid ſituation, pleaſant, and profitable, I haue ſeldome ſeene in *Venice* a ſweeter.

Fer. Did you not ſee Sir a ſwarme of Bees as you paſt by?

Ran. I cannot tell indeed, I did not marke 'hem.

Fer. Me thought they lookt Sir like your people of *Hybla.*

Ran. I cannot tell, I neuer had much conuerſation with your people of *Hybla*, my noble Lord.

Enter Lord Callowe.

Fer. Here's another, a Bird of the ſame, but a more tame one, ſomething more quiet. Now to heare this Iay chatter, and this Owlet hold his peace, but anſwer him with motion, may ſerue for a Morriſdance.

Ran. Your Lordſhips Iennet in my conceit is a moſt vnderſtanding Beaſt. *Call.* Hum.

Ran. I ſaw the *Adlantatho* of *Domingo* mounted vpon ſuch another, not much different, nay ſurely nothing at all; and I donnot thinke but they were twinnes, onely I thinke your Lordſhips the better. *Call.* Hum.

Ran. Your Lordſhip keepes the Saddle admirable.

Call. Hum.

Ran. I wud your Lordſhip had bin with me at *Iapon*, I ſpeake it for Horſes ſake, and Horſemanſhip together; I proteſt they are the beſt Ryders, if I ſaid the Rankeſt, I did not lye: for beleeue it, I hold your Ranke

Ryder a good Ryder, take him alwayes, and at all times: As your Frenchman, in Christendome I donnot know a ranker Ryder, vnlesse it be some part North, there they are Scourers. Your Lordship has a most neat Ruffe, and becomes you most elegantly.

Cal. Hum.

Enter Cornelius, *with* Dorigene *and* Iulia, *like Milke-maids.*

Fer. Is not this a fine Dialogue? How now? Who come these to milke? my Lord and's Compeere?

Cor. No, beleeue it Sir, they are taken vp for the Dukes owne tooth.

Fer. Ide as liue thou hadst told me a Tale: yet beshrew me they are a couple of handsome Calues with white Faces; but the degrees of this how com'st about?

Cor. Why the Duke passing by, cast his eye vpon them, and with it, I beleeue, his fancie: for vpon some consideration, he sent backe, to giue commaund, they should be brought hither to my Lords House.

Fer. 'Tis not amisse, he does well to begin holesome.

Ran. Will your Lordship conduct?

Cor. I, this will be good, stand aside, & giue 'hem law.

Ran. Faire gentle Milke-maid.

Dor. Sweet courteous Squire.

Ran. Good; a Wench of Language: by this hand I loue thee.

Dor. Loue me Sir, why you haue scarce lookt on me.

Ran. That's all one, I protest' I loue thee.

Dor. I am sorry for't.

Ran. How white one? sorry for't? sorry that I, whom Ladies languish for, repine, and die?

Dor. Surely Sir, those Ladies are not sound, that die of such a scuruie disease.

Ran. You

Ran. You now betray your rudeneſſe, I am angry.

Dor. You ſhow your ſelfe an Aſſe, and I not care for't.

Ran. Vdfoot, and my Dagger had not bin ruſtie, that I might haue drawne it with credit, I'd a ſtucke it in the middle of your Milk-Pale, fooliſh, ſcuruy, courſe-kerſie, durty-tayl'd, dangling dug-Cow: A Gentleman Courtier and Traueller, whoſe feet ha's meaſur'd the Alpes, and be diſgrac'd in a piece of vnplow'd Paſture.

I haue lighted vpon one of the Egyptian Idols, taught with ſome Engine to put off his Hat, and ſcrew his Face a little: I cannot ſpeake to it like a man, yet I will talke to it as if it were one. How came you hither Sir, pray did you ride, or were you drawne in a Cart?

Callowe ſtroking vp his haire, complements with Faces and Legges.

Cal. Hum.

Ran. Nay, beleeue it my Lord, they are a brace of the rudeſt *Baubees* that euer drew or ſuckt the Milke of Innocence.

Iul. Why, but he is not a Lord, I hope, Sir?

Ran. Fooliſh Wench I tell thee he is a Lord, and I am little leſſe my ſelfe, if I were in place where: what do'ſt thou know, but I may be the Duke?

Dor. Marry God forbid, Sir.

Ran. Why, it had bin all one to thee, thou hadſt cal'd me Aſſe.

Dor. Aſſe vnawares may prooue a wiſe man, better conſidered of.

Ran. Ah, ſhe begins to ballance me.

Dor. I doe indeed Sir.

Ran. And how doe you find me now?

Dor. Full weight Sir.

Ran. O, in good time, wee ſhall agree anone.——

The Duke——

Enter Duke, with Raymond *and the Traine.*

Duke. Through the generall loue our ſubiects beare to (you,
We find my Lord your loyaltie to vs:
Which rellisheth more ſweeter to our eares,
In their Applauſes told, then by your owne.
And Gentlemen I thanke you euery one;
You haue tooke much paines t'ſee a growing Prince,
Not ſeaſon'd yet with Time to your deſires:
But crown'd with your loues in the Diademe,
I ſteadily ſhall hold the Scepter out,
While Iuſtice ſhall ſtand by me, and direct it.
I hope you will not looke that I ſhall raigne
In my firſt yeere, as your laſt Duke my Father
In his laſt: but giue my Youth ſome libertie
To play the wanton Prince, though not the wild one.
I haue I know poſſeſt all you that know it,
With that Conceit, when I gaue command,
Vpon the firſt ſight of a payre of Laſſes,
That haue Lookes like the place where they were bred,
Chearefull and innocent to be brought to me,
That I may ſee their pleaſing eyes againe;
For me thought on the ſudden they were faire ones.

Ray. I wonnot croſſe your Grace, but if my coun-
ſell ———

Duke. I prythee keepe it, I haue no need of it,
Donnot confine me, though I be your gueſt:
I know it may breed laughter, perhaps ſorrow
Vnto ſome graue ones, but I ſhall deceiue 'hem;
I will ſee 'hem, and haue parley with 'hem:
There's no hurt meant, if you meane not any,
Nor ſhal this wrong your Houſe; therfore produce thē.

Ray. They are here my Lord.

Fer. Vdſoot,

Fer. Vdſoot, what will the young Duke doe trow?
Shall we haue it ſet downe in our Chronicles,
Inprimis, a brace of Milkemaids? very good.
Where are our Ladies now? they are to ſeeke,
And muſt begin againe to learne ſhort Curt'ſies, *Short Curtſies.*
And dance after the Countrey Horne-pipe.

Duke. Can there be any loſſe of Royaltie,
To bid theſe welcome? If here be any Rudeneſſe,
Let me be taskt with it, that like ſuch Rudeneſſe?
If Bloud or Beautie euer made a Lady,
Why are not theſe ſo? I profeſſe that man
A Traytor, does not thinke it: yet they are ſtill
Themſelues, and ſo am I. Are you not Siſters? *Short Curtſies.*

Dor. In Qualitie, and't ſhall pleaſe you;
Yet there may be a doubt the tother way,
For our Fathers were next Neighbors.

Fer. That's a plaguie Wench; ſhe has not milk'd ſo many Kine for nothing, ſhe knowes the danger of the Horne.

Iul. I beſeech your Maieſtie let vs depart, theſe fine men flowt vs.

Cor. Well ſaid Innocence, thou art at home, and play'ſt within doores, the tother is more open.

Dor. We meane no harme, and't pleaſe you: if my Lord will ſpare vs a little of his ſowre Beere, weele make you a daintie Sillibub; that's our Qualitie.

Iul. Vdſoot, we ſhalbe whipt anon for this Abuſe.

Dor. I warrant thee Wench, hold vp, Ile take too laſhes for thy one.

Iul. Indeed you are better able to beare it.

Fer. What's the Dukes purpoſe tro? how he does eye 'hem. They'd be good marchandiſe for ſome of vs, now we are farre from our Miſtreſſes.

Cor. And

Cor. And may be so when he has done with 'hem,
That's my comfort.
Duke. What was your Father?
Dor. A Swineheard if it please you.
Duke. What yours?
Iul. A Ditcher and't shall like you.
Cor. Shee's the better descended of the two.
VVhat'le all this come to?
Duke. If thou hadst bin my Sister,
And thou Daughter vnto some bordering Prince,
As *Florence*, *Padua*, *Verona*, or some farther place,
VVhat Prince wud not haue sought and su'd to you?
But goe and make the Habitation
VVhere you were borne, and dwell, a Paradice,
And let all Courts be wild and desolate.
Dor. Excellent: my fortune's come about,
And I will venter, though my life lye on't.
Iul. My life lyes on it too.
Dor. Hold thy tongue, thou art a sharer,
As I giue thee example, follow. Pardon, pardon,
Great Prince, If we haue through our Ignorance,
Or Folly, giue it what name you please,
VVrong'd this faire Presence, wrong'd you the Light,
That came but as the Egyptians, to adore
The rising Sunne, and to fall downe before it.
Cor. VVhat whirle's this?
Dor. VVe are poore Gentlewomen of this Country,
Neighbors vnto this place, that tooke vpon vs
This Habit, to be freer and more bold,
And yet more harmelesse, fearing to be prest
VVith the Court Complement, that playes so thick
In a young Damsels eares, it often beares

And

And batters downe poore Virgins Chastitie.
We did presume vpon our strength, t'withstand
The Pages, Footmen, and the Scullerie:
But when a Lord should take vs vnto taske,
Or others of your braue embroydred Traine,
Alas we had bin like the silly Fowle
Vnder the towring Hawke, layd flat before 'hem,
Vpon the very shaking of their Feathers.

Fer. A good Wench yfaith, she flowts them to their faces.

Cor. But what is this intended for trow; a Pastorall, or a Comedie?

Fer. A Comedie sure, ther's so much Wit in't.
'Tis your daughter———.

Lod. Yes: but pray be silent, let's see the effect,
I dare not owne her yet.

Duke. I let yee kneele thus long, to heare againe
That most harmonious voice, And ere thou riseſt,
Aske something of me, fit for thee to craue,
And me to giue, And thou art Mistresse of it.

Dor. I shall my gracious Lord, I craue your pardon.

Duke. Pish, that is needlesse, for thou'st not offended;
Or if thou hadst, it were a poore one, that,
For I doe giu't to Theeues and Murtherers:
Aske me a Gift, that Time may talke of it,
Being my first Bountie, which I wud conferre
Brauely and worthily, and thou art borne for't.
Hadst thou Birth equall vnto Wit and Beautie,
Thou wert a Wife for any Prince in Europe,
And I my selfe wud take thee to my Bed:
But rise, and thinke, consider what thou ask'st;
Yet thou art wise enough, I need not teach thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Ray. How now—— Your haste?
Mess. Where is my Lord the Duke?
Duke. Your businesse?
Mess. The good old Earle of ——— is deceased,
And the Earledome now confer'd vnto your Crowne.
Duke. 'Tis some Addition; but wud he still had liu'd
To haue kept it still, he was so true a friend. ——
Hast thou Thought yet? *He speakes to* Dorig.
Dor. Yes my Lord, I thanke this Messenger.
There is an Earledome now falne to your Crowne.
Duke. There is.
Dor. Then that it is I craue, for him I owe
All duty, all respect, and life vnto.
Duke. What's he?
Dor. One not farre off; my Father.
Duke. Is he thy Father? *Pointing to* Lod.
Lod. Yes my dread Soueraign; I beseech your pardon,
The Wench I thinke is frantike. Lod. *kneeles.*
Duke. Hadst not thou bin her Father, thou hadst bin so,
To haue vtter'd such a thought. Rise vp Earle of ——
Thou hast thy Princes word for't.
Ray. Haue I broke my braines, As these white haires
Doe witnesse, for the safetie of you,
And of your Father before you, and the State,
To haue a priuate Gentleman, my Neighbor,
Meerely for getting of a handsome Wench,
Rais'd aboue me—it will not be digested,
For I will breake the necke of these new Fortunes,
Or they shall mine, and crush me into nothing.
Duke. Not any one beside my selfe beholds
The Beautie of this Face, where two Sunnes moue,

Kindling

Kindling new Fires to the God of Loue.
The Title of a Queene much better wud
Become thee, then a Beggar. Why didst not aske
To be what Nature did intend thee for,
And I wud consummate, had not Fortune set thee
So many steps below me in thy Birth?

Dor. If I might not offend my gracious Prince,
I wud make bold to speake.

Duke. I did and doe entreat thee.

Dor. And speake freely?

Duke. With all libertie.

Dor. I may I hope, without your Courtiers scorne,
Pronounce my selfe a Lady; and before
This Honor was confer'd vpon me by you,
There did run generous bloud within these veines,
And if not noble: but say there did not,
And I had bin borne the last of the last
Ranke of basest people; yet you haue made me
(Such is the power of Princes) truly noble:
I am the daughter of an Earle, which is a Prince,
And by that Title challenge Alliance
With euery other Prince of higher bloud.
And if the Emperor himselfe were here,
He now wud owne me for his Kinswoman,
For I stand in the Line of Royaltie:
And who denyes it, knowes not Heraldrie.

Ray. Here's a Wench knowes how to blaze a Coat.

Dor. Therefore my Lord, my Bloud can be no let,
(If I faile not in other parts) to make
A Duchesse, or a Queene, and may become
(If you be pleas'd to make me so) your Wife,
Ambitious of your Loue, not of the Title.

Duke. Famine and Warres plague my Dominions,
And ſtrike at my owne Perſon, but I loue thee,
Infinitely loue thee, loue thee beyond the Word,
Beyond all Action that expreſſeth it.
To call thee Faire, Sweet, Louing, and my Wife,
Are but poore Attributes: Thou art my Soule,
The better Part, that gouernes my beſt Thoughts,
And bids me thinke on Heauen, and view thee.
Thy Freeneſſe and thy Wit, for ſuch as doe
Reſpect a Dower, are ſufficient.
What are Townes, Countries, that may be deſtroy'd
By Sword or Fire, comparable to thee,
That bear'ſt about thee in one Limbe the Beautie
Of twentie thouſand Cities, and their Wealth?
Thou art all the World to me, for I can liue
And ſit downe by thee with content of mind,
Without Ambition how to conquer farther,
And thinke I haue enough; And ſo ſhall All,
All of you here, that will be counted Subiects,
And wiſh the quiet of your Soueraigne:
For him that does not, let him leaue me now,
And I will curſe him backe againe a Traytor;
And ſhe her ſelfe ſhall curſe him, and ſo damne him.

Fer. Nay, And't be come to that paſſe, I am ſilent.

Cor. 'Tis beſt ſo, when the Tongue may forfeit the Head: I haue a con'd Speech alreadie; *Long liue the Ducheſſe.*

Ran. I am glad my Lord was meale-mouth'd when ſhe was a Milke-maid, I am ſure he gaue her no ill language.

Duke. What Princes of the Eaſt, or of the World,
When they ſhall ſee thy Picture, and me by thee,

Circkling

Circkling thee thus, and thy Armes so with mine,
To shew consent in our Affections,
But will consider with himselfe, how poore
(Although he haue the *Indies* in his reach)
He is to me, and sigh himselfe to death?
Father be merry, And my Lord be you so;
For now your House is happy, and shall looke
More glorious then our Pallaces: Although
You left the Walls as naked as your Roofe,
Let euery Roome be deckt with Countenances
Chearefull, as at the houre, I was borne,
When as I heard my Father was here with you,
And had the glad newes brought him. Wast not so?

The Duke embraceth Dorigene.

Ray. Yes, my good Lord.

Duke. Why so then: Musicke, and some Wine,
That I may drinke a Health to her I loue,
Deepe as my Affections. *A flourish of Cornets.*

Cor. You shall see he will be drunke with Wine
As well as with Loue.

Duke. First you shall pledge me, then it shall go round,
Vnlesse it stop at any discontent,
VVhom out of all this number I would note.

Ran. And't be good VVine, it shall ne're sticke at me, what ere the Health be.

Fer. No, Seignior; I thought you had had a Small-Beere stomacke.

Ran. Neuer but i'th' Morning.

Dor. My Lord, drinke to *Raymond.*

Iul. The Courtiers begin to melt, and my mightie Madame knowes how to command: I wonder what I shalbe? The Dice went equally once in my owne opinion for Duchesse; but Duchesse Mate, that's my comfort.

Duk. What eye now looks on thee, that not contemnes
The Colours of the Lilly and the Rose,
VVhich come as short of Beautie as of Sweetnesse?
Lend me thy hand my Ioy, for I will yet
But borrow it, till with thy heart I take it
At the Temple, and make it mine for euer;
That Fame may through the world my mind discouer,
Lesse happy being a Duke, then being a Louer. *Exeunt.*

Scena quarta.

Enter Bernard *disguised like a Doctor*, Landoff *his Tutor like a Seruingman.*

Ber. Come *Asmody*, thou seest I am rul'd by thee, I take thy aduice; and how do'st thou like me in this Doctors Habit?

Land. Why very well Sir, and handsome, you looke as if you had trauell'd for your Degree: but 'tis the better, for no experience is gotten without trauaile.

Ber. But what shall I doe, when they bring me their brittle Pispots? I cannot cast 'hem.

Land. No: then giue them me, I can.

Ber. VVhy, art thou skilfull in Physicke?

Land. Enough to cast away an Vrinall, or two.

Ber. Cast it away; I marry *Asmody*, so can I.

Land. Why and that's sufficient. If it be troubled water, let 'hem carry it home againe to make Lye with, 'twill saue Sope: But you must know Sir you must be reseru'd, and not a publike Professor, like your Tutor.

Ber. As little as thou wilt, *Asmody.*

Land. If it please you Sir, you may take away the first part of my Name, it does not sound so well in a Seruingman,

ningman, becauſe hee is alwayes at the heeles of his Maſter.

Ber. VVhat, thou wudſt haue *Aſ* taken away, and be call'd *Modie*?

Land. For your good Sir I wiſh it, and for breuity ſake: beſides Sir, you hannot one Scholler amongſt twentie, but knowes what *Aſmody* is.

Ber. Thou ſay'ſt well: then henceforward *Moody*, let *Aſ* goe to the Spirit.

Land. I Sir, for I am now you know your Familiar.

Ber. And a wittie one, me thinkes.

Land. I muſt be ſo, for I ſhud haue a ſad Maſter of you elſe. And looke you Sir, becauſe you ſhannot proue me a Lyar, here is your ſweet-hearts Brother (in time of yore your Chamber-fellow) in a worſer pickle then you, for he is in loue *Aurium tenus*, you are but vp to the middle. *Enter* Frederick *and* Dorilus.

Fre. Why, I tell thee my Siſter is ſuch a Wild-Cat, there is not her fellow againe in all *Germany*, and yet thy Siſter followes well after; they are a Couple, and ſo is the Deuill and the Hangman, and as good Companie: they'le flowt any man vnder the Cope; they wud laugh at me, but that they know I care not for't, and put 'hem out with an excellent Tricke that I haue, call'd borrowing of Money. Come, beare vp man, and drinke, looke you, here's mine Hoſt come to bid vs welcome.

Enter Hoſt.

How now mine Hoſt, what time of day is't with you, ha?

Hoſt. Full Tide Gentlemen, full Tide. But you are welcome; I am your Seruant, your Slaue, your Cat, or your Dogge, or any thing in *Rerum natura*.

Fre. Hah

Fre. Hah mine Hoſt, iſt come to that Point?
Goe thy wayes, goe ſleepe, and ſend thy Dromedaries
in with VVine, and Glaſſes cleare as Cryſtall.

Hoſt. As cleare as *Claridiana*, my braue Bullyes.

Fre. VVhat in Hiſtorie, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. And in Poetry too, when I am pleas'd to couple—— Some VVine you Knaues, ſome VVine.

Fre. Your legges couple ill fauouredly, mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. My legges were not brought vp to it.

Enter Bernard.

Ber. By your leaue mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. VVelcome of this ſide too my man of Knowledge, I am thy Slaue, thy Seruant, Dog, or Cat, or any thing in *Rerum natura*.

Ber. By your leaue Gentlemen.

Fre. You are welcome Sir.

Ber. I am a Stranger here, and vnderſtand
You are Gentlemen of this Countrey, well deſcended,
And I doe want ſuch good Acquaintances,
Therefore make bold to preſſe into your Company.

Fre. An Italian Sir, I take it.

Ber. Yes Sir, and a ſmall practiſer in Phyſicke.

Fre. O Sir, let not your modeſtie wrong you,
I wud you had a Pill to purge Melancholy,
Here's a Gentleman much offended with't;
Giue him a Glaſſe of Claret, you are a Stranger,
And he will not refuſe you.

Ber. That I will Sir.—— Fellow, ſome VVine.—— Sir——

Doril. I cry you mercy.

Ber. I drinke this to your Health, & I haue brought it.

Doril. How Sir?

Fre. Let

Fre. Let him drinke off his Wine, and hee'le tell you more.

Doril. You ſpoke ſomething like comfort, Sir.

Ber. I did, and will perſeuer.

Doril. You are a welcome man, pray ſhew how.

Fre. Drinke off your Wine, and heele ſhew you how.

Doril. Prythy away.

Ber. Pray Sir pledge me.

Doril. I will pledge you.

Fre. Did you not drinke two, Sir?

Hoſt. Yes marry did he, if I haue two eyes, he drunke two.

Fre. Prythy mine Hoſt ſtand aſide, thou haſt ne're an eye.

Hoſt. How, ne're an eye? that goes hard, if I haue drunke out two eyes in three houres.

Doril. Now Sir will you ſpeake?

Ber. Yes Sir, and tell you what I know, although a ſtranger, and till this houre neuer ſaw your face.

Land. O Villaine, they were Bedfellowes together for a Twelue-month.

Ber. You are in loue with faire *Dorigene*, Siſter vnto this Gentleman.

Doril. You amaze me.

Ber. 'Tis true, Sir.

Doril. Yes very true I find it: but for the cure of this?

Fre. Why 'tis ordinary, get her good will, and lye with her. How thinke Sir, is not that the Cure?

Ber. A better cannot be applyed, Ile aſſure you.

Doril. Wud thou wert gone.

Fre. How doe you meane, in drinke? giue me ſome Wine, I had forgot my ſelfe. Mine Hoſt, I wud drinke

to thee, but thou art not able to pledge me: Therefore here's to thee honest Blew-coat.

Land. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Smirke *with Baggs.*

Smirke. By your leaue Gentlemen.

Fred. What *Smirke?* welcome, what wind droue thee hither?

Smirke. The best in the foure Quarters: Looke you, here's Cash, Gold and Siluer, you must pay your Debts, purchase new Clothes, and come to Court instantly. Your Father is made an Earle, your Sister a Duchesse, and you are a Count, or I know not what; and I am an Esquire: my Boy is a Gentleman, when I haue him, as I am laying about for one.

Fre. The fellow ha's broken open some Goldsmiths house, and will be hang'd: Do'st thou know what thou do'st?

Smi. My Lord, as I am a Gentleman and an Esquire, I doe reuerence the very inuention of your Honours next Sute: Ile helpe you to a Draper shall giue you all your Men-Liueries, to make it of Cloth; my Haberdasher ha's a new Blocke, and will find me and all my Generation in Beuers as long as we last, for the first hansell.

Fre. The fellow is mad.

Smi. Mad, or mad not, 'tis all one, I speake truth; your Father's an Earle, your Sister's a Duchesse, you are a Count, or I know not what, I am an Esquire, and my Boy is a Gentleman, when I haue him.

Doril. What does this fellow talke?

Smir. This fellow talkes as he thinkes, and thinkes as he talkes, and talkes what he knowes. I wonnot repeat it ouer againe, for the disparagement of my Wit: but what

what I ſay, I will maintaine, what I maintaine, I will ſay; and the very Bells themſelues ſhall ring it out *Probatum.*

Drawer. 'Tis true indeed my Lord, your Siſter's made Ducheſſe of——— and ſhalbe married vnto the Duke. The Newes doth come to Towne with euery Man, and no man diſagrees, but conſtantly affirmes it for a Truth.

Doril. O that it were ſo; by my Fathers Soule
I wud be free as that is, and as happie,
For I wud laugh this Woman from my heart,
And ſhe ſhud be no more to me, then her I know not,
I wud be ſo much Man, and ſomething more:
For I wud wiſh to enioy her as a Man,
Loſe her in mind, and find her in my bloud,
And I doe feele ſuch turnings in my thoughts.

Fre. Why now you are your ſelfe: Yet I'de aduiſe you to goe to Court, and ſee her.

Doril. See her, I and ſpeak to her, and call her Woman, There were no Treaſon in't, were it?

Fre. Not any.

Doril. Good; then let vs goe: for what Ile doe till I come there, I know not, or if I did, I wud not vtter it.

Ber. Why *Aſmody*, will you be found an ignorant Spirit? how hap I knew not this?

Land. You imploy'd not me to enquire of it.

Fre. Gentlemen, as I vnderſtand my ſelfe, I am a Lord, I donnot know, I may be an abus'd Coxcombe;
But howſoeuer, here are good Tokens of it.
Mine Hoſt, what haue I chalkt in ſundry and ſeuerall times?

Hoſt. Chalke is but Chalke, a Rundle makes a ſhilling, but that's nothing.

Fre. Ile come to you mine Hoſt when you are ſober.
Gentlemen, you are for the Court,
I am for the Taylors: When next we meet,
We will bring hearts as ſound as our Clothes, ſweet.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand *and* Cornelius.

Fer. What, is the Duke marryed?

Cor. Queſtionleſſe, by this time; they were at *To haue and to hold* when I left 'hem. Looke you, here come the Feathers, the inſeparable Coxcombs of the Court.

Enter Callowe *and* Ranof.

Ran. By the life-bloud which danceth on her Lip,
She is all Paradice, Diuine, Angelicall,
The Ducheſſe me thinkes lookes like a Dowdie to her.

Cor. O for an Informer——Capitall Treaſon.

Cal. If my Taylor had not bin a Knaue——

Fer. He had bin an honeſt man.

Cal. But——

Fer. O there's a ſtop, I thought the brazen Image wud ha' ſpoke. *Enter* Bernard, Landoff, Dorilus.

Ber. *Aſmody*, you were beſt ſtay behind,
There's no place for Spirits i'th' Court.

Land. O Sir, all your braue Spirits keepe at Court,
And I know my diſtance.

Ber. If you donnot, here be thoſe will teach you.
What comfort man? there is no fitter place

To

To attend their comming out, then here,
Here you may haue full ſight, and perhaps ſpeech.
Doril. Nay I wil haue ſpeech with her, & tell her roundly
How ſhe ha's play'd the Murdreſſe with a man
That would haue dy'd moſt willingly for her.
Ber. What, in the paſſionate vaine againe?
Doril. No, but ſomewhat vehement.
Enter the Duke, Ducheſſe, a Biſhop, Lord Raymond.
Duke. The Diademe that crown'd my Head, brought
Cares along with Dignitie: But thou my Sweet
Haſt crown'd my Heart with Ioyes perpetuall;
Loue, that did lead thee to the Church a Maid,
Hath brought thee backe againe a perfect Wife,
And made thee fit to be as thou do'ſt promiſe,
Mother of many Princes. Dorilus *kneeles as the Duchesse passeth by, she beckens one to bring him to her.*
Cor. Pray Heauen the Duke be in his right ſences,
He talkes all Raptures, ſtudied Poetrie.
Fer. As euery outragious Louer does. If I were wearie of my life, I haue an Adagie wud hang me inſtantly.
Cor. What's that? *The Ducheſſe &* Doril. *talk priuatly.*
Fer. Why the old one, Hot loue's ſoone cold.
Cor. To requite you, That breath were better kept, to coole your Porredge.
Fer. You ſay very right, Sir.
Ber. This is the Face that wud not let me reſt,
But viſit me in Dreames: Looke this way ſtill,
And burne me with thy comfortable Beames.
Dor. I muſt confeſſe, I euer had a wild,
Wanton, and vntam'd Tongue, but ſtill the Heart
Of ſuch a Matron as my Mother was:
I did and doe ſtill loue thee, and I proteſt

Purpos'd to haue married thee, but that I thinke
Thy selfe wud not haue wisht me to haue lost
A Fortune such as this—Little did I imagine,
When I did ieast those words, to haue bin a Duchesse.

Doril. I donnot come to taske you to your word,
But to behold the Riches I haue lost,
That must confesse my selfe vnworthy of you.
Hither I came resolu'd, to let you know
That I durst looke vpon you, and could lose you
Without sigh or teare: but hauing seene you,
You haue afresh kindled the fire againe,
And I must die a Martyr in your loue.

Dor. What shall we doe *Iulia?* Do'st thou see
The sad and downe-cast countenance of thy Brother?
I loue him for his owne sake, and for thine,
And wud not haue him perish; which I feare.

Iul. Troth Madame I doubt him too: but if the worst
come to the worst, 'tis but a foolish Louer cast away.

Dor. There are some flattering wayes yet to restore
him, if we could light on 'hem. Alas good *Dorilus.*
I neuer yet had other Testimonie
Of your strong loue, then that which all you Men
Vnto your Ends can faine better then Women,
Sighs and sad words, mingled with some Teares.

Doril. If those had not bin witnesses sufficient,
Why did you not enioyne me to a Taske,
Harder then euer Crueltie did yet?
You should ha' said; I dare thee *Dorilus*
To die: or doe but say so yet,
That I may be assured you can loue
Dorilus dead, whom liuing you despis'd,
And I will at your feet yeeld my lat'st breath.

Dor. I

Dor. I prythee thinke me not a Murderesse,
To take delight in bloud: no, my deare *Doriluss*,
Liue, and liue long, that I may loue thee so.
Yet if thy loue be, as thou do'st professe,
No danger, trauaile, nothing that Art can doe,
Obtain'd with much losse, greater difficultie,
Will be left vnattempted: therefore, to try
What strength it holds in thee, and make it gain'd,
Better esteem'd of, being hardly got,
I shall enioyne thee to a strange Designe.

Doril. Let it be dangerous, and 'tis the better,
And I shall easilier accomplish it.

Dor. It is not dangerous, nor impossible,
For I haue read euen in effect the like
To haue bin obtained for a —— Queene.

Doril. Pray speake it.

Dor. A Garland of the rarest Flowers on Earth,
The choisest to the Eye, and to the Sent,
Set with such Fruits the season of the yeere
Affoords not in this Clyme, And it must haue
The vertue of continuing euer fresh,
As long as you remaine constant in loue.
This is the Taske, which if you can obtaine,
By all the Faith in VVoman, and that Iustice
VVhich punisheth all Periurers, I vow
Thou shalt embrace all thy desires in me.

Doril. A Garland of all Flowers?

Dor. Of all the Earth produceth, that are choise:
If I, or any one that sees it, can
Call any Flower by a Name, not there,
You not performe your Enterprise.

Doril. This is a Taske indeed.

Iul. She ha's sent you a picking.

Doril. But

Doril. But it is nothing, when the Prize is thought of that it shall purchase.

Dor. Will you vndertake it?

Dor. I will not moue in any other labour,
It shall be both my Businesse and my Pleasures:
With my best dutie let me kisse your hands.
I shall not need to doubt, to enioy your loue
When I haue done it?

Dor. May that Beautie which you adore in me,
Be blasted, but———

Doril. I beleeue you: Faire farwell.

Dor. My Lord, your pardon.

Duke. For what my Duchesse? Though this day alone
Should be reserued onely to our selues,
Yet if thou please to lend thy Patience
To any one that is a Suitor to thee,
It shall giue no dislike, but rather please vs.

Fer. Here's a Duke now will make all his Subiects kind Husbands.

Cor. If he continue as he begins, Ile giue my Wife the Breeches; for Women will raigne, that's certaine.

Fer. Raigne, I and thunder and lighten too, Ile warrant thee. *Exeunt Duke with his Traine.*

Land. A prettie dumbe shew, this.

Doril. How doe you Sir? you appeare to me more troubled then my selfe.

Ber. No, I am well: Pray what's the newes?

Doril. I must goe trauaile.

Ber. Trauaile, what to doe?

Doril. To gather Flowers, Strawberries——

Land. And Creame.

Ber. VVhy how now Sirrah?

Land. Some-

Land. Something bold Sir, for Affinities sake.

Ber. But pray be serious with me: by that friendship, which for the time we haue bin acquainted, hath bin as much as euer was made vp in so few houres; I doe conjure you tell me, and tell me faithfully, all the whole passage.

Doril. I was a telling you: She has enioyn'd me to bring her a faire Garland, of all Flowers that can be nam'd, which must continue fresh as long as I remaine constant to her.

Ber. This is not in the power of Man to doe.

Doril. This is her imposition.

Ber. *Asmodie*, what thinke you of this?

Land. Why I say Sir, comfort your Friend, For ere
The Sun shal twice to th' Sea decline his golden beames,
Ile bring a Garland hither, made of all Flowers
That euery corner of the World containes,
And with that Charme too, that it shall remaine
Beautiously flourishing, while he continues
Warm'd in the strength of his Affections.

Ber. Doe this my gentle Spirit, and thou shalt
Make him, who is thy Master, bound vnto thee,
He shall release thee, I will buy thy yeeres,
Although it cost me halfe of my Estate.

Lan. No more, some few houres hence expect me. *Exit.*

Ber. Sir, will you take the counsell of a Friend,
And thrust these Sorrows from you? what wud you giue
To purchase such a Garland as you speake of?

Doril. I thought you Sir of more humanitie,
And better breeding, then to mocke miserie.

Ber. I donnot mock you, and may accuse you now
For hauing me in such suspition:

We are but young in our Acquaintances,
And that begets these doubts: will you impart
Halfe your Estate to him shud bring you this?
Doril. All, and become in debt to pay that Man.
Ber. What doe you iudge your Estate to be, Sir?
Doril. Better then three hundred pound a yeere.
Ber. Why that shal do it. Pardon me Sir, I am poore,
And such an Accident as this perhaps,
To make a Fortune, will not in all my Age
Befall againe: nor can you lose by it,
For in her fauours you shall be aduanc'd.
Doril. Without those wise Considerations,
You instantly shall haue it made to you,
Not in words onely, but in deeds,
If you performe what you propose to me.
Ber. Why you say wel Sir, wil you now to the Scriueners?
Doril. Most ioyfully, and with what speed you please.
Ber. Lead Sir, Ile follow: Is it not strange to see,
That a man shud, as hath bin often showne,
Cure others griefes, yet cannot helpe his owne. *Exeunt.*

Scena secunda.

Enter Lodwick, *father to* Dorigene; Fredericke, *a Lady, and* Smirke.

Lod. Now Sir, you are so dy'd i'the Grape, & so deboisht
With Tauerne Quarrels, that here your carriage
Amongst the inferior sort will prouc ridiculous:
For we shall haue you downe i'the Wine-cellar,
Or at the Beere amongst the Guard carousing,
And after, fall to Cuffes; your Band and Doublet
Torne from your Neck & Back, and your braue Breeches
Stain'd with the variation of each soyle. *Fre.* Nay

Fre. Nay good Sir donnot aggrauate a Fault:
I know I haue bin often i'the durt,
(And so ha's many a better man then I)
Before I was the Dukes Brother; but now
I will giue no man place at Wall or Kennell.

Smi. My yong Lord is in my mind to a thred for that.

Lod. I know thou hast matter ynough in thee,
And parts sufficient to make a Courtier;
But this same Drinke, and Countrey Libertie,
Ha's spoyl'd thee irrecouerably.

Fre. Why Sir, what wud you ha' me do? you shall find
I will be capable.

Lod. Why you must bend your selfe vnto the Ladies.

Smi. Bend to the Ladies: Alas poore old man, he talks--

Lod. I meane, apply your selfe, conuerse with 'hem,
And still be tendring your seruice to 'hem;
They will looke for't: Looke you, here come Presidents;
There's a young Lord now, a Knight followes him,
Marke but how they endeuor in the businesse.

Fre. Vdsfoot, I thinke my Father thinkes I am an Asse:
Cannot I lead a Lady by the Arme,
Hold off my Hat, and dance my Cinque a pace;
And after a long story of my silence,
Aske how she does? I will satisfie him,
He shannot find me to degenerate——
By your leaue Lady.

Lady. What's he tro? he ha's reasonable handsome Clothes, but they become him not.

Smir. The dumbe Lord's frighted, his haire stands an end.

Ran. My Noble Lord, the Duchesse Brother.

Call. Your pardon my good Lord.

 Fre. What

Fre. What Masculine Baboone's this——Lady, I honor you.

Lady. O my good Lord, there are better Faces i'the Court for you to honor.

Fre. By that all-killing Eye, that murdring Lip——

Lady. Fie, fie, my Lord, you make me blush.

Fre. O Madame, donnot so, you'le spoile your painting.

Smi. Looke you my Lord, my Lord your Sonne is at it.

Lod. A shrewd Boy: I thought, because my selfe
Haue bin bred vp a Souldier, and vnfit,
And euer was, to these Court Complements;
He, hauing not bin exercis'd, wud be so:
Ile leaue him now, and take no more charge of him.

Smi. No, no, let the Surgion looke to him.

Enter Iulia.

Iulia. Wud I were i'the Countrey againe, I shall run mad here: your tumultuous Courtiers wonnot let me rest; Visitants early and late, and all come about one businesse, to tell me I am faire, which I know well ynough, yet can be well content to let them sweare it. I haue the Prayers of all the Mercers, Taylors, Haberdashers, i'the whole Citie, and their Wiues Curses; for not a Man lookes that way: I am the Bird, at which each well-drawne Courtier shoots his Bolt. Looke you, I am spyed already: They leaue all Companies, all Places; vpon Seruice times, the Chappell, if I be not there.

Now my tongue-tyed Lord, whose Language is i'the Motion of his Necke, I wonder he is not troubled with the Cricke: What does your Lordship say? I donnot heare you. *Call.* Hum.

Iul. Wud the World beleeue there were such a Man? Pray my Lord tell me your meaning?

Call. Hum. *Iul.* Sure

Iul. Sure your Honor had a ſilent Nurſe.

Ran. He wud ha' prou'd the Miracle of the World, if he had bin a Woman.

Iul. He wud indeed Seignior: I donnot thinke, but if his Tongue were clipt, he wud talke yet; what thinke you?

Ran. I thinke as you thinke, Lady.

Iul. Take heed of that, ſo you may wrong your ſelfe.
I wud my Lord that I could vnderſtand you,
I doe perſwade my ſelfe then I could loue you.

Call. O ſweet Lady.

Iul. Why this is well my Lord, can you goe on?

Call. I had a hard heart elſe.

Iul. Admirable; good my Lord goe forward,
Talke, and Ile loue you infinitely, that is, beyond talke.

Call. Silence Lady is the beſt part of Wiſdome.

Iul. Let Wiſdome goe to graue ones, giue vs Talke,
It is Youth's Muſicke, and doth ſtirre Affection,
As Motion, Heat. Good my Lord talke.

Call. Why Lady, I can talke.

Iul. O my Lord.

Cal. What ayle you, Lady?

Iul. You will rauiſh me.

Call. Not I, Ile aſſure you I come not of the kind.

Iul. I meane you'le ouercome me: And if you talke much, I ſhall entreat you you will hold your peace.

Call. Nay, beleeue it Lady, I will not talke much: but if I liſt to talke, I haue a Tongue that can talke much, and lowd, as another Man.

Ran. I was afraid he wud ha' ſaid, Woman.

Call. But talke's but talke, therefore I vſe it not: but for your ſake, ſweet Lady, it may be that I will find a Tongue

to talke of something; and that same something must be of you, or else 'tis nothing.

Iul. Away my Lord, I am bound to stop mine eares; the Syrens sing in you.

Call. VVhy let 'hem sing, Song is but Song, no more then Talke's but Talke; yet Talke does well, where Talke is well regarded, otherwise 'tis lost: And I haue bin a Talker in my time, and will be so againe, to giue content to such a Lady as doth loue to talke, or knowes what talke is, and can talke her selfe; else 'tis much better for to hold ones peace: For I haue heretofore bin a great Talker, and foolish Ladyes that vnderstood me not, haue pray'd me hold my peace, and they wud loue me; iust as you now, on the contrary, pray me to talke, and not to hold my peace, and then you'd loue me.

Iul. I will maintaine this in him, to make him talke his Lungs out.——— Oh,——— Oh.

Call. VVhat is the matter?

Iul. VVud I had neuer heard this Tongue of yours: But I was curst to heare it, more to prouoke it.

Call. VVhy doe you say so? For this Tongue of mine shall be pull'd out, and throwne vnto the Dogges, or to the Hawkes, before it shall offend your daintie Eares, that loue to heare a Tongue talke as a Tongue should doe, of VVit and Beautie, and Beautie and VVit, which doe abound in you.

Iul. Fie, fie, fie, this is not to be endur'd.

Call. Beleeue it Lady, but it is; 'tis fit that you shud heare me, and I shud talke, the Subiect being You, and I the Talker. Wherefore haue Ladyes Beautie, and Men Eyes and Tongues, but to behold that Beautie, and then talke of it. I doe proclayme him here a Dunce, a Sot,

that

that ha's a Tongue, and cannot talke of you: nay, though he had ne're a Tongue, yet he might thinke a talke; and that, though not as good, might serue for talke.

Enter Lord Raymond *and the Duchesse.*

Iul. The Duchesse; good my Lord leaue vntill another time.

Call. I, another time, and then weele talke foure or fiue houres together.

Fre. By this hand Wench Ile keepe touch.

Lady. Touch and take my Lord, else no meddling.

Fre. Goe, you are a Foole, Farewell; Expect me. Sister Duchesse, how do'st? I thanke thee for my Lordship. I knew thou wert borne to make vs all, aduance vs to the third Region. How does my Brother Duke deale with thee? Do'st thou *Bugeou?* Shall wee haue Bonfires, and the Bells rung out, for ioy thou hast made an Vnckle? How now *Iulia?* what's thy Title? Lady of Honor, and Principall Secretarie to my Sister, is't not? who breakes the best Iests now?

Iul. My Lord.

Fre. My Lord; no, my Lady by all meanes.

Dor. Fie Brother, vnderstand your selfe; and as you haue taken on Dignitie, so put on Grauitie, or you will proue ridiculous.

Fre. Let me proue what I will Sister, Ile haue all the Court to imitate me: if I had bin borne a Foole, I wonder what's he wud ha' bin wise? Come VVench, be thy selfe still, and thou shalt be the Miracle of Princes,
Haue all the wit thy Subiects vtter, thine,
And drawne together in a Volume, call'd,
The Duchesse of ——— her Apothegmes;
VVhich shall put downe the Tales of other Nations.

Thy

Thy Birth-day shall be made a Holy-day,
And crown'd with full Cups, and with deepe ones too,
And I my selfe will first begin the Health,
And bring it vp in *Germany* a Fashion,
Oft to salute the Cup, and kisse it sweetly.
But where's the Duke my Brother? tyr'd and retyr'd?

Dor. Pray my Lord doe you speake to him, happily he will endure reproofe from you.

Ray. My Lord.

Fre. I haue sworne not to graunt any Suits this weeke, therefore prythy donnot trouble me——O, my Lord, I cry you mercy.

Ray. The Duchesse wud be priuate.

Fre. Neat and priuate she shall be, 'tis fit,
Let you and I shake hands, Wisdome and VVit.

Dor. Thou art all wildnesse, that nothing I thinke will tame, but a long Voyage, and vnfortunate.
O *Iulia*, I doe thinke vpon thy poore afflicted Brother, Good Gentleman, that he should place his loue so disastrously. I wonder how he does?

Iul. He is as great a stranger vnto me as to you Madame, I neuer saw him since.

Dor. I hope he did not spend his time so ill
In the Vniuersitie at *Wittemberg*,
But he ha's learnt so much Philosophie,
To tame those headstrong Passions.

Iul. You may pray rather he ha's not spent his time
As *Faustus* did, and many that are there,
In Negromancie, so to performe the Taske
You haue layd on him.

Dor. Alas poore VVench, do'st thou beleeue there can be such an Art?

Iul. VVhy,

Iul. WVhy, haue we it not recorded, *Faustus* did
Fetch *Bruno's* Wife, Duchesse of *Saxonie*,
In the dead time of Winter, Grapes she long'd for?
Dor. Such a Report there goes, but I hold fabulous.
Iul. Well, had I bin as you; I'de not ha' layd so deepe
an Oath vpon't.
Dor. Wud that were my worst feare. *Enter* Doril.
Looke where he comes. *Iulia* leaue me, Ile hold conference with him, and by delayes seeke to weare out his Sorrow.
Iul. I obey you Madame.
Dor. Why kneele you *Dorilus*?
Doril. Dutie ha's taught me, though you were not her
Fortune ha's made you: Euery thing delights
To be commanded by you; vnder your wish
Lyes all things vpon Earth, and growes for you,
Prospers for your sake, striues to be louely,
In emulation of your Excellence.
Here is a Garland of those Flowers you spoke of,
Which Nature put forth, and Art fetcht for you;
Place it vpon your Head, and it shall dim
The glorious splendor of your other Crowne:
Lasting it is, as it; for it shall flourish
According to your wishes, till I alter
And change the course of my Affection.
Dor. Thou do'st astonish me: wud I coud call
This any thing but Truth, a Dreame, a Vision,
With Terrors following it, enough to sinke me
Deeper in Earth then I am now aboue it.
When *Flora* striues to decke the Earth with Flowers,
She neuer shew'd halfe such varietie.
Good *Dorilus* leaue me a while to thinke,

And to collect my selfe, and then returne.

Doril. I shall. *Exit.*

Dor. Why did these Flowers grow? to blush for me?
Or do they blush, because they haue wrought my shame?
Why did not Stormes and North winds nip your Buds,
And kill'd yee, ere you shew'd the Sunne your Leaues?
Why did not Lightnings blast yee? Beasts or Wormes
Plucke vp your Roots, and make you fit for Fire?
There you had shew'd more glorious then here:
For here you bring, vnder so many Colours,
A shew of Sweetnesse, that will breed the Plague,
And run infectiously into our Blouds.
For if I fall, what Woman will be honest?
Or being so, what's he that will beleeue it?

Enter the Duke.

Duke. How now my Duchesse? talking to thy selfe?
What's that? Why do'st thou hide it from me?
It is rich vnto the eye, but much more rarer:
Flowers so plentifull, and at this time,
It wonders me? Prythy let me see it,
I neuer saw so many rarious Formes
Knit vp so curious: beleeue me, 'tis a Present
Fit for the Queene of Nations, and for thee;
He well deseru'd, that did bestow it on thee.

Dor. 'Tis not to be bestow'd Sir, 'tis to be bought,
And at a deare Rate too.

Duke. Why, and thou do'st, no matter,
For trust me 'tis a very pretty Toy.

Dor. A pretty Toy must buy it.

Duke. If it wud not fade.

Dor. It will not fade Sir, it will keepe too long I feare,
for you to like it.

Duke. Why

Duke. Why do'ſt thou thinke ſo? it is like thy ſelfe,
Full of Varietie, and choiſe Delights,
And th' longer I behold it, the more it likes me.
Dor. O, there are Serpents in't, and vgly Toades,
That burſt and ſhed their poyſon; not a Flower,
But beares a ſting in it, that wounds my heart:
Foule Luſt and Murder, that doth follow it,
Lyes hid amongſt the Leaues. O throw me Sir,
Throw mé from your Embraces, as far as the wild winds
Doth driue the Duſt before it, and deſtroy me.
Like it to nothing: Purge your Land, by making
Bonfires of it and me vpon ſome Hill,
That the blacke Smoake may vaniſh into Ayre,
And not infect your Turrets.
Duke. Why do'ſt thou talke thus?
Dor. Firſt kill me Sir, it will be Charitie,
Then rip my Boſome vp, and in my Heart
There you ſhall find what my Tongue loathes to vtter.
Duke. I thought, deare *Dorigene*, I neuer ſhud
Haue bin a ſtranger to your Thoughts, till now:
I prythy ſpeake, what is it troubles thee?
Dor. If I were ſure that breath ſhud be my laſt,
You ſhud not then entreat me; but receiue it,
Hoping you will be mercifull, and kill me.
There is a Gentleman, named *Dorilus*,
That lou'd me 'fore you ſaw me, and I him,
Although I neuer gaue him any hope:
Vpon the VVedding day he met me here,
And lookt ſo like a man that meant to periſh,
That I was willing to reſtore ſome comfort;
VVhereon I wiſht him get me ſuch a Garland,
Made of all Flowers that the World contaynes,

Not thinking such a thing could haue bin done,
And for Requitall promis'd him ——— I cannot
Vtter no more, nor shud haue thought so much.

Duke. Is this all?

Dor. All? wud you more? wud you we should proceed?
Grow impudent in sinne, till Thunder rent vs?

Duke. Why, but such promises may be dispens'd with,
Though you had seal'd it with a Vow.

Doril. I did Sir, and a great one: nor left there,
But added two or three to that; the least was,
The blasting of this Beautie he ador'd.

Duke. I know not how to doubt, yet this may be
A Cunning; I will try her. Let it not trouble thee,
Deare *Dorigene*; thou shalt performe thy Vow;
Ile be the Sufferer, and take the sinne on me.

Dor. But the damnation must be mine, my Lord,
And if I pull it on me, t'shalbe this way, *Offers to stab*
Rather then wronging you. *her selfe.*

Duke. Why so thou wrong'st me worst,
And wut deprive me of all the ioyes in this World,
Thou wilt teach me by ill example, how to follow thee.
Sweet, let me kisse thee, I will beg for that,
Which all men else doe labour to auoid;
It is but one houres losse of thee, I prythy
Make no more scruple of't then other Women:
It is a Cryme, that not one Night i'the yeere,
But some where or other such a Fault is made,
Nor lookes the Wife the next day worse for it.

Dor. No more Sir.

Duke. Thou wilt consent?

Dor. I wi[illegible]

Duke. Why I thanke thee. I haue bestow'd some

paines

paines to begge my selfe into an Order. O *Dorigene*, if thou beest false, the Serpent parted with his Subtletie, and clos'd it in the Fruit he gaue thy Sex. *Exit.*

Dor. I know not whether I am greater blest
Or curst in such a Husband: Fate thou hast thy ends,
And I haue mine. Come *Dorilus*, and take me
Now whilest I haue Obedience:
Giue me not respite, to enter into Considerations,
Lest I doe worser then performe my Vow.

Enter Dorilus.

He comes——Welcome my *Dorilus*, be merry man,
And looke vpon me as a Louer should,
That ha's obrain'd his Mistris: I am thine,
And for the time free, as I am the Dukes.
Be bold man in approaching, there's no feare
Of Spyes vpon vs; we are free, as people
That know no Lawes, or doe command the Lawes:
I haue the Dukes consent for what I doe,
Nay, his entreatie: he does like to haue
A Ryuall in the thing he loues, and is
Not d fferent from the common sort of men,
That doe esteeme them most, that most abuse 'hem.

Doril. How many wayes doe you desire to kill me?

Dor. Why *Dorilus*?

Doril. You say the Duke's acquainted——

Dor. With our Loues, 'tis true:
But there's no harme in that, for heele be secret,
As I haue Life, he will.

Doril. Why doe you abuse me thus?

Dor. I donnot: for as I haue a Soule, I'm serious,
He bid me keepe my Vow; and said, the Man
That did bestow this Garland, did deserue——

Doril. What? to enioy you?
Dor. I, to enioy me.
Doril. He did it then to giue vs leaue to sinne,
That he might punish.
Dor. O no; he did it for my quiet: he will sooner
Strike his owne eye, to offend it, nay, his heart,
Rather then mine.
Doril. VVhat doe we then contriuing Lust together?
That Rebell Bloud, which rageth against him,
Had better bin bestow'd vpon rude Beasts,
Wilder then VVolues or Tygres; we are worse:
They that wud wrong this truly Royall Prince,
This Prince of his owne Passions, as of Men,
Deserue to see no day, to tast no foode,
No cloathes to shield him from the rage of winter,
But liue more wretched then the last of Beggers,
Die without teares or prayers, and want a graue.
Take your vowes backe againe, and place hem better,
For here I make a generall release
Of all debts twixt vs, be a free woman,
And set vp anew, with caution, that you neuer
Proue banker-out againe, deale not so largely,
Nor trust so prodigally, lest you do meete
VVith such as will take the full forfeiture;
So Vertue guard you and your goodnesse Crowne,
Your thoughts and actions with true chastitie.
Ray. This is not as I looke for, nor do wish.
Dor. O stay, let me not be so wretched, but to pay
The almes of a true heart, thankes for your bountie,
Which hath beene greater then I can requite.
Now I do loue thee *Dorilus* as deere
As thy owne mistresse vertue. And I beseech thee

Depriue

Depriue vs not thy presence at the Court,
For I will liue to studie a requitall,
And the Duke with me, that shall know thy worth,
And finde it in thy deeds, shall entertaine thee,
And in his bosome fixe thee a true friend:
Thou shalt not go vnlesse thou promise me,
I may receiue and welcome thee at Court,

Dori. Since you command me, Ile not faile to offer,
My seruice to my Soueraigne and you.

Dor. With teares of ioy I loue thee. *Exit.*

Ray. What blood haue these two creatures? Cold as I am
My aged head wrapt like the Alpes in Snow,
Yet if the Diuell lust, had warm'd me on,
Respects shud neuer quench the heate in me.
There is a sparke alreadie in my bosome,
And I do feele it working towards my heart,
Which when it once hath reacht, and kindled
Into a flame, no premeditation
Of the offence, shall blow it out againe.
The Duke has entertaind a iealosie,
And imployes me in the discouerie,
Which makes effectuall to my purposes.
Mischiefe is brooding in my braines, and the euent
Shall worke my pleasures or their discontent.

Enter Bernard.

Ber. Well met Sir. How now? Melancholy.
But now I thinke on't, euery man is so
After his height of dalliance, I did heare
You had admittance: And I faith how find you her.

Dori. You haue my land Sir.

Ber. Yes, in my pocket, a large hose youle say
Can hold so many Akers: But impart,

You told me, being familiar with the Cause,
I should partake in the Euent.
She ha's performd———
Doril. Yes, very gracious.
Ber. Why so then, what wud you more?
Doril. No more.
Ber. Zfoot, hee's turn'd Eccho: but I haue obseru'd,
Knocke at the heart of Man after full ioyes,
And you shall find him like an emptie Vessell.
I will leaue you Sir.
Doril. Heare me first.
Because you may not spread a Calumnie,
Which when y'are not your selfe, Wine may bring forth:
Here I protest by all that's Righteous,
Both in Earth and Heauen, though I had bought
And payd for this Sinne as your selfe can witnesse,
And might haue purchas'd it (but with her Curses)
I gaue her Vowes backe freely to her selfe,
Made her the same Duchesse that she was,
And is still absolute.
Ber. How? freely gaue her what cost you so deare?
Doril. Freely: and had my Life bin in the Bargaine,
It had gone, And Wife and Children,
If I had bin worth 'hem——O you donnot know,
And it is tedious to relate it to you.
Ber. You are a franke Giuer, and you shall teach me
(For in all Goodnesse I will be your Scholler)
To imitate, though not to equall you:
Here take your Bonds againe, If you coud checke
That vntam'd Fiend, call'd Lust, why should not I,
By your Example, bridle Auarice:
He is not worthy to receiue, that knowes not how to restore.

Pray

Pray take it, you wonnot,
You wud be singuler, then looke you Sir tis canceld:
Thus from the letters I do teare the law,
As you the crime you went with from your heart,
You haue your owne againe: And I am richer
Without it, then possessing. Fare you well Sir.

Doril. Pray stay Sir, and make me not so wretched
As leaue that vgly sinne Ingratitude
For my Companion: I may through your friendship
Thinke this life happy, to score age vpon me,
And die, with Stories of you to my children.

Ber. And I of you wud doe the like to mine:
That shall if I can worke it, call you vncle.

Doril. *Bernard* my friend, and chamber-fellow. *Discouer himselfe*

Ber. And brother that wud be, nay must be;
Though I vndertake as bad a taske as picking of flowers.
For here's my spirit *Asmody* can flie
The same way againe. *Landoffe in his owne shape.*

Lan, No, I haue clipt his wings.

Ber. Zfoote my Tutor, I am vndone.

Lan. And bound him to a fierie chariot
For threescore yeares, and after to be throwne
Into the bottome of the burning lake,
Boyling with Pitch and Sulphure.

Ber. Alas poore *Asmody*, he will be ouer coddled,

Lan. For his audaciousnesse.

Ber. Alas Sir, 'twas not his fault; for to say truth, I coniurde him.

Lan. You coniurde him, into what? into a blew coate
And a beard, did you not? look yonther's your *Asmody*.

Ber. Troth Sir, you haue bin to cruell with him,
You might a let him haue boyld in his liuorie,

For his beard, it was not a misse to be pluckt off,
For in time it wud a bin scalded.

Lan. Come, you are a Nouice, did you think you could
Proceed in my owne Art, but I should know it?
I was that *Asmody* appear'd to you,
When you kept such a thundring, with words
That were of as much effect to call or moue
Spirits, as mountaines: But my *Dorilus*,
My louing Pupill, for whose good I cannot
With all the Art I haue, labour enough.

Doril. O, your zeale Sir hath bin euer showne.

Lan. Presume vpon me, for I do predict
There will be need of me, and of my Art
Ere it be long: And vnlesse it please
My Pupill *Bernard*, here to turne me off,
Ile cu'n in to my liuery againe.

Ber. You may do as you please Sir, but if you do,
I shall forget you are my Master, and make account
I haue my seruant *Asmody* againe.

Lan. Do so, and command me as you haue done,
Ile be vnto your will obedient
As your owne lymbs, and how so ere things sort,
In spight of Fortune weele haue a little sport.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, L. Raymond *at one doore: Duchesse,* Dorilus *bare before her, leaning on his shoulder and giuing much grace vnto him.* *Musicke.*

Dor. Sir, I haue a suite to you.

Duke. Speake it.

Dor. To know this Gentleman, and if not for my sake,

For

For his owne to grace him, he has deseruu it.

Duke. He has. *Dorilus kneeles, the Duke draws*

Iul. O my deare brother. *his sword and runs it*

Dor. What do you meane Sir. *in his bosome.*

Duke. Away with her to prison, and let her father,
And her brother both be turn'd out of the Court.
Lord *Raymond*, be it your charge to see it done. *Exit.*

Ray. Vnwillingly I obey you; O my hart dances,
And tun'd vnto so many ioyes, it beates
My bloud about me into euery part,
That I grow yong againe; Alas good Lady,
Why do you weepe? these teares were well becomming
If you had any crime to wash away,
But you are cleere as heauen; then beare your selfe
As confident and shining, that stands vnshaken,
When men speake blasphemie and throw vp curses:
Beware sweet Princesse, your too zealous care,
Exprest in the behalfe of your firme friend,
May be by some informing Eare snatcht vp,
And carryed to the Duke, which wud pile high,
And heighten vp the mountaine of his wrath.

Dor. Let it be so, and let that mountaine fall,
And all the world, with his displeasure on me,
But hidden in the ruine, yet at last
It is my comfort, I shalbe found my selfe.

Ray. What a well built castle is a cleare Conscience?
No Batterie, no Inuasion stirres it,
When a guiltie on, is like a Spiders web,
Shooke with the motion of each little flye.
What helpe there lies in me much inmu'd Lady,
Assure your selfe of it, as if your owne heart
Had the powre to worke it. *Enter a Guard.*

Dor. I shud wrong much noblesse to thinke otherwise.

Ray. See Madame, here 's a Guard vpon you.
Dor. They are welcome.
Ray. So, the diuell when he meaneth to seduce,
Puts on an Angels shape, who doth not know.
How to dissemble, must not thinke to grow
Or prosper in his purpose: In this plot
Enuie alone is not exprest, but hot
Vntameable desires, which flame so hie;
One mischiefe must another satisfie.
I loue, faire *Iulia*, and there was no way
How to obtaine, but bringing to decay
The greatnes of the Princesse, miserie
Will burst the strongest barre of Chastitie.
She comes: *Enter Iulia.*
Iul. Where is my wretched Mistresse?
Ray. Alas, shee is lost, and those, that seeke her,
Must be companions of her miserie:
Therefore be wise faire *Iulia*, and forgee her:
Thou art as faire as she, as excellent:
And I that rule the Duke do thinke so.
Iul. What meanes this?
Ray. The meaning is like him, that vttersit;
Plaine and sincere, to make thee Mistresse
Of all the happinesse which thou canst wish;
As she whom I create shall stand aboue,
And laugh at the calamities of others:
Looke not vpon my haires, I'm not so old,
But I can kisse thee into Action,
Infuse a breath into you through your Eare,
Shall call a flaming blush into your cheeke,
And turne this spring-tide of your teares to fire,
Or change 'hem into blood, and strike 'hem inward,

To

To incite a heate as ſenſuall as the ſame
That did beget you.

Iul. I am vncapable of this ill language:
But ſuppoſe I were (my Lord) as you eſteeme me,
Is this a time, when my heart's full of ſorrow,
Ready to breake for their vnfortunate fates,
To giue admittance to ſo loathed a fact,
That neuer could be tempted in the height
Of feſtiuals: and all the ſoothing flitteries
Truſt vp in vowes and glories of a Court.

Ray. Why? I will giue you libertie to thinke,
To ponder on it for a little time;
For I wud rather Loue ſhould make thee mine
Then Violence or Feare. Conſider of it
Without delayes, returne me abſolute:
I am not like your dull cold Engliſhman,
That can attend his Miſtreſſe a whole day,
A weeke, a month, a yeare, yet checke his blood,
And when it ſhuld haue vent to burſt in fire,
He weepes out in water. The Sunne burnes
Not outward, as my blood within, paſſions beate
So thicke and ſhort, they make my entrailes ſweate.
But for a while I leaue you, thinke and be wiſe. *Exit Ray.*

Iul. 'Tis wiſdome to conceale what I do thinke,
And truth to call thee villaine: O we are
Ruin'd, all of vs are ruin'd, *Enter Bernard.*

Bern. Yonder ſhe is, and weeping——
Who will not be in loue with ſorrow, while it takes vp
Her dwelling in that face, it is a queſtion;
Whether ſmiles more adorne that cheeke then teares.

Iul. O worthy Sir, how does my brother?

Bern. Well, donnot you feare it Lady.

Iul. Why doe you leaue him?

Ber. To comfort you that haue more need of it,
For he sits vp and laughs at misterie, *Enter Fred.*
With hope to out liue it, which is fortitude
Fitting a noble spirit.

Fred. Fortune my foe why dost thou frowne on me, &c.
A good voyce is a perpetuall comfort to a man, he shall be sure he cannot want a Trade. Yonder's Madam *Iulia*, and the Italian Doctor administring, they looke like a couple of Tragedians in the fourth Act, out of conntenance. Right Worshipfull, Charitable, most Bountifull and well disposed, please you to looke vpon the Estate of a poore decayed Lord, blowne out of the bosome of good Fortune, vnto the backe side of mens Bounties, from whence a sweete gale of good will may arise to blow mee out of the dead sea of want and despaire, into the happy Hauen of good harbor, where I may lie at rest from hunger and cold, bound vnto you in the bed-rolle of beneuolence, which howsoeuer small a pittance it shall be, in this ebbe of aduersitie, it shalbe returned treble to you againe in the next tyde of prosperitie——— Sweet Madame, *Ex. Ber. & Iul.*
Why here's the right fashion of the world,
To turne the backside to a man that has no money?
They are gone to wash away griefe in salt water,
I meane to drowne it in good Claret. *Enter Smi.*
O curteous fortune that hath sennt me a Companion,
Smirke, how dost thou chicken? come hold vp thy head,
And let's see the dismalitie of thy Countenance,
The dolefull dumps that therein do appeare,
The Knobbles of aduersitie and Fate. Hum.——

Smir. Oh, Oh.

Fre. What

Cal. Me thinkes sirrah, since my tongue brake loose,
I take an infinite pleasure in't, how thinkes thou?

Ran. Your Lordship talkes wondrous current,
For your word will go before many a mans bond.

Cal. It shall run before any mans bond for a wager.
My honourable Lord, how does the great Dutchesse,
Your sister?

Ran. And the good Earle your father.

Cal. With the rest of your kindred and acquaintance that bore the Court before 'hem.

Ran. I hope a man may court his Mistresse now without a Patent from your honor.

Fre. I hope a man may cracke your pipkin Pate,
And cut your necke of Mutton into Steakes,
If you will not be quiet, ye brace of wicker bottles.

Ran. Wicker Bottles! he cals vs wicker bottles.

Fre. I and mustie ones.

Cal. And mangie ones to, are we not?

Fre. Yes, euery thing that's troublesome and stinkes you are.

Cal. Ha, ha, prithee laugh at him.

Ran. I, we will laugh at him, but let vs goe,
For the fellow is desperate, and perhaps may beate vs;
Such people feare no law.

Cal. Hang him, hee dares not within the confines of the Court.

Ran. I, but we may talke our selues out of the liberties,
And then he may beate vs without the confines.
Yet if he did, twere all one to me, for I can
Endure a beating as well as another man,
Custome's another Nature: but yet I wud we were gone.

Cal. Why, come then lets goe backe againe? For my

owne

owne part, I donnot care for quarrelling: here wee may be bold, though my Lord, I haue a poore sister I wud prefer to cut your Honors toes.

Ran. And I haue a proiect, if it please your Honor, to set it on foote, it may make a great many of vs ride a horsebacke.

Fre. O that the place were not priuiledg'd.

Smir. I, and the place were not priuiledg'd.

Fre. Why? what wudst thou doe?

Smir. Let 'hem alone, and laugh at 'hem.

Fre. Why, gramercy *Smirke*, thou hast instructed me. A my conscience I shud now do so.

Smir. Yet he he gaue me a bob i'the proiect.

Fre. Why? hast thou any thing to do with proiects?

Smi. Yes, I was to prefer one for putting downe Pigs i'the Faire time.

Fre. How? putting down Pigs, prythy let's heare that?

Smi. Why, a fellow that will vndertake to finde the Country people, and the people of the Faire, with good repast for three pence a meale.

Fre. How can that be? prythy let's vnderstand?

Smir. Why Sir, A cook wil vndertake to bake in a pasty
Foure oxen, without Butter corner wise,
Lambe and Mutton in the middle,
All kinde of Fowle on each side,
With their bils lying out to discouer their condition,
With which he wilbe bound to find the fair seuen daies,
And giue the ouerplus to the poore.

Fre. This is a very prittie one and profitable.

Smir. Then I haue another, for the crying of small Beare, from sixe i'the morning, till twelue at noone, for all that are *Barnabie*.

Fre. A most necessary one, and had it bin propounded

when I was a Lord, it shud haue had my countenance.

Smir. Nay, it wud ha gone forward, for all your high bloods wud a countenanc'd it, yet it was thought there was a rich Milke-woman wud a croſt it, and haue brought it to poſſet drinke i'the winter, and whay i'the Summer, and the Apothecaries wud haue ioyn'd with her, to haue clarified it.

Fre. Not vnlikely. But *Smirke*, what is your purpoſe?

Smi. To ſtay till the good time, and take a whipping, With as much reſolution as a man may take a whipping

Fre. Then you looke for the Laſh?

Smir. I donnnot looke for it, becauſe it comes with a backe blow, and there is no ward for it but Patience.

Fre. Why thou ſaiſt right, and it is manly done, Not to run from, but to meete affliction.

Smir. I, but when affliction comes like a Fury, with a whip in her hand, 'tis a ſore matter. *Exeunt.*

Scena ſecunda.

Enter Landoffe *in his ſtudy, a ſpirit to him.*

Spi. Leaue with thy potent charms to teare th'elements
And vexe the poore inhabitants: here is the Ring
Tranſparant as the day, that makes the weaver
Loſt to all ſight, and walke inuiſible
To euery eye but yours: And when ſo ere
It is your pleaſure it ſhall looſe its vertue,
Toucht but with this herbe and it fals in peeces.

Lan. Thanks my induſtrious ſpirit.

Spir. What elſe is thy command?

Lan. Nought elſe at this time, but on all occaſions
Thou in a thought be ready to attend.

Spir. I ſhall. *Exit.*

Lan. Begon. *Dorilus*, *Bernard* come forth, all things are at peace.

Enter Dorilus and Bernard.

As your hearts shalbe ere I part from you,
At least forsake you: Behold this little Ring,
Purer then Christall, full of subtiller flame
Then that which sparkles i'the Diamond;
Of Vertue infinite beyond its Beautie.
With this Ring *Dorilus* thou shalt free the Princesse
At least endeauour; 'tis certainely reported
At her Arraignment, as the howre comes on,
She shall haue none to pleade her cause for her,
But her supposed crime layde ope, and vrg'd
Withall the mouth of law, and so condemn'd:
Yet thou that euer couldst speake well, without
A cause so full of matter and of Truth,
Shalt hidde to all eyes, by vertue of this Ring,
Become an Orator, and pleade for her,
And make the Court amaz'd to heare thee speake.

Dor. You amaze me, first to heare you ——

Lan. But Ile amaze my Pupill *Bernard* more,
When he shall stand by thee and heare thee talke,
Yet not haue powre to see thee: Put on this Ring,
Now tell me *Bernard* where is *Dorilus?*

Ber. Into aire vanished, or suncke into the earth,
For I protest I see no *Dorilus*.

Lan. Call to him, try if he heare thee.

Ber. *Dorilus*, *Dorilus*.

Doril. Why here man, I am here.

Ber. Here; where?

Dor. Why here, close by thee, now I touch thee.

Ber. This is thy hand?

Doril. Yes.

Ber. It may be foote for any thing that I know, but that
Now I feele the fingers, thou maist hold it vp at the Bar
And nere be burnt i the hand Ile warrant thee.

Doril. Why? I see thee plaine as I did before,
And euery thing else.

Ber. But that I haue confidence in my Master and his Art, I wud neuer looke to see thee againe.

Lan. Looke you *Iulia* your Mistres, comfort her,
And take the worke vpon you:
Ile to my blew coate againe, and instantly wait on you.

Ber. All your best wishes. Fairest. *Enter Iul.*

Iul. O Sir they lye in you.

Ber. O you speake musicke to the melancholly,
Health to the sicke.

Iul. For next vnto the deliuery of my Mistresse,
My brothers welfare is, which you promised.

Doril. Why sister I am well? next vnder Heauen
I prayse this Gentleman.

Iul. That is his voyce, where are you brother?

Doril. Here sister iust before you.

Iul. Before me?

Doril. Yes, in the very mouth of you, as a man wud say

Iul. Trust me I cannot see you.

Doril. Trust me I'm glad of it, Ile talke the bolder and and the lowder, they shall heare me.

Ber. This I perceiue dooes somewhat troubleyou.
But let it not, it shalbe for a good,
Which though it cannot change, may stir your blood.
See they are hot in preparation, and people making to behold the Arraignement. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Ferdinando, Cornelius.

Ferd. Fortune is a good huswife, she plies her wheel wel

Alas

Alas poore Lady, I pitty her; for a my conſcience ſhe is cleare of the fact layd to her.

Cor. It is the maddeſt world, the report goes ſhee ſhud lie with on for a Noſegay.

Ferd. In ſome things Fame wilbe free I ſee, in ſome things ſcant; for Ile aſſure you 'twas for a Garland.

Cor. Why a Garland let it be, ſhe had bin better won with ſome other dance then the old one: but ſhe has ard meaſure me thinks, not to be allowed an Aduocate; or alas, what can a woman ſay for her ſelf in ſuch a caſe?

Fer. Doſt thou thinke an Aduocate can handle it better?

Cor. Yes, if he haue a feeling of the buſineſſe.

Fer. Away Traytor.

Enter the Duke, Iudges, Raymond, *with others, the forme of a Court.*

Iudge. Bring forth the priſoner, place her at the Barre.

Enter Dorigen *plac'd at the Barre.*

Iudge. Reade the Inditement.

Clarke. Dorigen Ebroiſtene, daughter to *Guido Ebroiſten*, in the Prouince of *Myſen* Gentleman; and by the grace and fauour of our Soueraigne Lord Duke of *Saxonie* made Ducheſſe, atainted of high Treaſon, by committing Adultery with one *Dorilus Truchesſe*, a priuate Gentleman of the ſame Prouince of *Myſen*; who by good and ſufficient witneſſe (beſide her own ſhameleſſe confeſſion to the Duke himſelfe) is here iuſtly accuſed, and indited of the fact; yet the Duke out of his moſt gratious clemencie, deſirous of a direct and lawfull proceeding, admitteth the ſayd *Dorigen* ——— daughter to the aforeſayd *Guido* ——— to anſwer for her ſelfe, and wiſheth with all his ſoule (ſuch is his infinite affection to

her, that she could cleere her selfe of the crime. So Heauen and the Iustices of her cause defend her!

1 *Iudg.* Speake Lady, free and searelesse, what can you say?

Dor. Nothing but that I do desire to die,
For it is sin enough that the Duke thinks
I am guilty of the fact, all the Clemency
That you can, shew me or I do desire,
Is to condemne me quickly.

Ray. That I must speake it grieues me in a cause,
Which I cud wish neuer had presidence,
As it hath had too often, alas that I
Who do bleede inward, to behold this woman
Falne by a sin equall to Lucifer.
From her cleere Heauen where she stood a starre,
Mouing in his arures as her proper Orbe,
That I shud see this woman as I say.
Who had she bin a fixed one, had neuer
Shot from her sphere, but as an exhalation,
Drawne by the attractiue vertue of the Sun,
Appeares a glorious star yet wanting matter.
To maintaine his lustre, shoots forth his flame:
And drops from whence it came vnto a Dunghill,
So was this woman raif'd and so she fell:
That so much Beauty which was giuen for Honour,
And did aduance her to it, shud cause shame,
Who can tell whether this be the first man,
That she hath sind withall, since vsually,
Many faults are committed ere one found,
She promised the fellow of her lust,
Vpon condition to make that: And what was it?
A Garland: A Garland of all flowers,

Of what effect who knowes, or to what purpose,
Both being as certaine as the thing it selfe,
How or from whence it came nay more then this;
She was so impudent to tell the Duke,
And tell him she had sworne, which the immodests,
And most professed Strumpet neuer wud:
What name of shame is to be giuen this woman,
That wud thus lewdly suffer the wild tongue,
Proclayme performance of so vild a deede,
And vnto him she knew did loue her so,
She might perhaps by her beauty and her teares,
Or both together stir compassion,
In many here, and in the Duke himselfe,
But when her crime shall be remembred,
A crime so beyond mercy being done,
Vnto a Prince, and such a Prince as he is,
What can I lesse inspire me all ye powers?
That thought me worthy of authority
Then without pitty to condemne this woman.

1. *Iudg.* The case is too apparant.

Ray. Is it not graue Fathers,

2 *Iudg.* Yes indeede it is, I was almost asleepe.

Ray. Ye all do know, all ye that know the Law,
VVho pardoneth the offender doth commit,
An offence equall with him that doth punish;
The harmelesse innocent then she must dye,
I grieue to speak't and am so charitable,
To wish that her reproach may dye with her.

Duke I thanke thee for the last speech, it was well,
O that she now cud speake and cleere her selfe.
But proceede, giue sentence, if she stay long,
And I stand by a witnesse of her teares,
Sheele weep her selfe guiltlesse and innocent,

Ther-

Therefore go on.

Doril. Stay.

Duke Whose that?

1 *Iudg.* I know not.

Ray. Whence come that voyce.

Cor. Out of the clouds I thinke,
For no man dares owne it.

Duke. Go forward and giue sentence.

Doril. Stay I say.

1 *Iudg.* It spoke againe.

2 *Iudg.* It came by my Eare.

Fer. The Court is troubl'd.

Doril. Heare me ye ministers of Iustice,
And thou Patron of it and Truth,
That comes to you for succour, and for safety.

Duke. Keepe your places, for let it be the Diuell
I will heare him; and hearing shall determine
Whether he be a spirit of Truth or Lies.

Doril. The All preseruer that guards Innocence,
And often lets it pine, but neuer perish,
Can raise a voice from stones, or trees, or windes,
To pleade the cause that needs no Eloquence.
What hath this Lady done that here you bring her
Vnto a Barre of shame? It ist for being vertuous,
Because she hath bin constant to her Lord:
But some haue cald her chastitie in question,
That neuer had a sparke in their owne Breasts,
And haue possest the Duke from his owne thoughts,
That she must needs be bad because they are so.
Has euery woman so much wit to hide
That fault especially? and had not shee,
Who is the mirror of of her sexe for that,
More then for Beauty? But she told the Duke

She

She had offended in an idle promiſe,
And that's obiected to her for a crime;
A peece of impudence vnparalleld.
When had ſhe meant to haue wrong'd her royall Lord,
She wud haue lockt the ſecret in her heart,
And ſet her face with ſmiles, beaten with kiſſes
Suſpition from his boſome; but ſhe diſcouered
The guift, the giuer, and the vow that bought it.
Who iſt not knowes, diſhoneſtie conſiſteth
In the deed done, not in the ſpoken word?
And ſhe imagining the deed in which
She imployed the doer, neuer to be done,
And ſo the wickedneſſe. Let me not be thought tedious
Nor be offenſiue, if I bring to minde
The meeting of thoſe two, how ſhe reuealed,
That you great Duke conſented to the fact,
Encourag'd her vnto't, and led her on,
If ſhe had bin a villaine to her death.
But he looking on her, and ſeeing in her eyes,
The image of faire Vertue how it wept,
Gaue backe her vowes, and freed her from his heart,
In that ſhape firſt ſhe ſtood, but againe plac'd her
As his moſt royall miſtreſſe, and your wife.

Duke. Excellent voyce go on, for I coud ſtand
A tedious winter but to heare thee talke.

Cor. So coud not I without a rug Gowne.

Doril. It hath bin ſtill a maxime, ſhe's not chaſt
That hath not bin attempted, but ſhe who hath ſtood
Temptation, and reſiſted. Gold is the purer
For being tryde; and Vertue put in act,
Appeares more glorious, when it hath wrought it ſelfe
Out of thoſe troubles which would ſtifle it.

Heauen was assaulted by the Giants once,
Which shewd *Iones* powre the greater: the pensiue soule
Fighting with sin, the diuell, and with death,
After the victory, triumphs and sings
Eternally amongst the blessed Angels,
Crown'd with perpetuall Peace and happinesse.
But she for being vertuous must die,
For conquering her affections, for louing
Sincerely, and effectually, her Lord;
For hauing not the cunning to dissemble;
But for being Simple, Chaft, and Innocent,
Iust, Noble, Beautious, Excellent in all,
Saue what no common woman wud haue mist.
For this, and for this onely she must die.

Duke No, she must liue; and all the world must die,
To me, before a haire of her shall perish.
O I haue wrong'd thy goodnesse, now I see't,
who was before made blind with iealousie,
The heauens take thy part, and wunnot suffer
So much of worthinesse to fall at once,
Lest nothing here but wickednesse abound.

Ray. Sir, will you heare me,

Duke Away, I will heare nothing but her Angels voice,
And that which spoke for her, which was no lesse,
It held such musicke in it, besides Truth.
Wipe from thine eyes those teares; let Messengers
Be sent to find the Earle my father forth,
And bring him backe to the Court, there to receiue
Of vs his dignities and fauours trebled;
I am new fram'd againe. Afflictions meet,
And mingling with our ioyes, make them more sweet.

Exit.

Cal. I donnot like this.

Ran. Nor I.

Ber. Faire one, pray ſtay, your brother wud ſpeake (with you.

Iul. Sir, you may command me, and for his ſake,
To th'vtmoſt of my powre, I am bound to you.
O my deare brother, how you ioy my ſoule
To ſee you vp againe, in health, and luſty?

Dor. Place your thanks here kind ſiſter, for to his skill,
Next vnder Heauen, it muſt be attributed.

Iul I do know it brother, and do thanke him,
Heartily thanke him, and the Duches ſhall,
That owes him equally as much as we,
Thanke him a better way.

Ber. No Lady, your thanks payes me really,
And I will neuer looke for better pay,
Nor take, then comes from you; pray looke vpon me,
And ſee if you can faſten your affection
Vpon a man ſo vnworthy as my ſelfe.

Iul. Sir you are worthy of a better choyce,
But let me for your owne ſake thus aduiſe you,
If you haue entertaind any ſuch thought,
(As I hope you are wiſer) to part with it;
For truſt me, this poore heart I carry here,
Is not mine owne; I do but walke with it,
And keepe it for another: pray no more Sir,
Brother farewell, I ſhall be wanting to the Duches. *Exit*

Lan. Loſt it, it cannot be.

Doril. Now talking with you, plucking off this gloue,
It fell out of my hand.

Lan. Seeke good Sir. *Enter Fred.*

Fred. And do we ſee the golden dayes againe?
Does honor once more Court vs? then looke vp.

Looke vp my friends I say, and see your Lord
Double and treble guilt; his happinesse
Hatcht, and inlaide, not to be worne out with Time.
What do you looke for?

Lan. A Iewell we haue lost.

Fred. A Iewell, let it be hang'd, Ile giue you euery one
Iewels a peece, shall ouer value it,
There's not a friend I haue, but shall haue stones,
As faire and weighty as the Turke hath any,
And Concubines like him, though not so many.
Ye shall good Doctor, thou art so melancholly.

Lan. Come, let it alone.

Doril. How? let it alone.

Lan. Yes, for lost it cannot be, if any finde it,
When I am pleas'd to haue it, I will send
A messenger shall fetch it with a vengeance.
Prythy forbeare, and let vs heare my Lord.

Fre. Gentlemen what will yee doe? will yee come to Court, and be grac't by me, will you be Knights or Officers, Gentlemen vshers, or of the Bedchamber? speake what youle be whilst I am i'the giuing vaine, and you are so.

Lan. Weele waite on you to morrow my good Lord.

Fre. You blew Bottle Basket hilt I talke not to you,
And th'other two are stupid, now I thinke on't:
Dorilus you were best leaue the Court; a man
Suspected once, is very sildome found
In his heart that suspects him to be sound:
There ye haue a touch of my Policy, farewell.

Doril. Farewell my Lord.

Fre. Thinke on't. *Passing by spies the Ring.*

Dor. Ile warrant you.

Fre. Whats

Fre. Whats this? A ring: that i'ſt and truſt me,
A very pleaſing one vnto the eye,
Some Lady loſt it, for whoſe ſake ile weare it,
Vntill I find a challenger, it may be
Twas loſt a purpoſe and here dropt for me. *Exeunt*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Scena Prima.

Enter Fredericke.

Fre. Am I mad or drunke or the people, both: and blind too I thinke. For let me come vp to them neuer ſo neere, talke neuer ſo loud, gripe them neuer ſo hard, they ſee mee not ſtare and gape, as if I were in the aire, and aske, where are you. If wee were out of fauour, I ſhould neuer wonder at it, but being Reſtord, and in greater grace then euer, it ſomewhat troubles me: zfoote, and a Lord cannot be acknowledgd, what will be come of poore Gentlemen: heere come a couple, and ſober as I take it, Ile try if they haue not loſt their eye-ſight.

Enter Ferdinando, *and* Cornelius.

Cor. But that you iuſtifie it ſo vehemently,
I ſhud not a beleeu'd it: Loſt againe.

Ferd. Againe, and ſent to priſon, her father
Baniſhd the Court againe, and all his honors,
Tooke againe from him, and from's ſonne,
And alls againe as it was, and if not worſe,

Ferd. Nay then my admirations at an end. I remember no body wud know me laſt time. But theſe are a couple of honeſt fellowes, and yet they ſerue a Lord, if any body haue vſe of their eyes theſe will. By your leaue Gentlemen, did you ſee the yong Lord *Fredericke.*

Cor. Wher's he that askt that queſtion?

Fer. Zfoote I cannot see him, yet heard him plaine,

Cor. The inuisible voyce is come againe,

Fer. I beleeue so,

Fre. People are blind, thats certaine ——— looke how they stare ——— I donnot thinke there was euer any such thing in the world as an eye, a seeing eye. I know Taylors needles haue eyes, and Cheeses, but a discerning eye, that's the eye I wud encounter with.

Enter Callow and Ranoff.

Cal. It did me more good then my dinner, I protest, to see her transported to prison againe.

Ran. And so it did me I protest, for her brothers sake my Lord *Fredericke Fadoudie.*

Cal. I wonder he is not taken yet, heele Fadoudle at the Gallowes, I beleeue when so ere he is, for I told the Duke what a sawcy companion he was.

Fre. I will requite your kindnesse instanly,

Cal. How now, whats that?

Fre. Will you too Coxcombs neuer be vncoupl'd,

Ran. Who was that my Lord?

Cal. Nay, I know not:

Fre. Who was that then?

Cal. Who was that said, who was that?

Fre. Marry it was I Sir,

Cal. You, who are you?

Fre. One that'le bestow a little paines with you,

Ran. Pray knock there no more my friend, thats the back gate, your best goe about.

Frede. I will doe so, and wipe your Noses for you.

Ran. I'd rather you wud let it alone, vnlesse you had a finer handkercher.

Cal. Tis

Cal. Tis the ſpirit of ſome Porter, and wipes her with his Frock.

Ranoff. Soones Ile not indure this: Ile draw firſt.

Cal. And ſo will I.

Why do you not draw?

Cal. Harke, the voyce askt why we do not draw.

Ran. I, I heard it, but Ile be hangd before Ile draw for that trick.

Cal. And ſo will I to——See yonders a company of Gentlemen, lets flye to them for ſuccour: Are you walking.

Cor. Yes Sir.

Cal. Wee'd be glad of your company.

Ran. Heers an inuiſible voyce followes vs in the likeneſſe of I know not what-

Cal. And playes vpon vs like a Flute backward, and forward.

Fer. We hard a voyce indeede but felt no touch of any thing.

Cal. No, It may be you are valiant and wud ſtrike againe, but we are tender hearted, and ten to one, but it knowes as much.

Cor. Why if youle walke our way, wee will guard you.

Cal. Yes ſir, your way is ours now how euer.

Fre. Well I am loſt I ſee, theres no hope that euer I ſhall be ſeen againe of mortalls; I walke i'th clouds; But that the other two before theſe, and before them others, could not perceiue me, I ſhoud thinke I had with beating made the laſt paire caſt a miſt before their owne eyes, Iubia and my Lord of miſchieſe with his two Faces Winter and Summer.

Enter

Enter Raymond *and* Iulia.

Ray. Sweete *Iulia* kisse me.

Fre. Ah you old whooremaster is the signe in Scorpio with you.

Ray. Thou seest my power, how with a breath I turne.
And wind the Duke any way I please,
In spight of all those words wasted in aire:
I pluct the D tchesse from his armes againe,
The only starre of court, more then a Dutchesse,
Which is to be my Mistresse.

Fre. Say you so, Ile master you anon.

Ray. Prithy looke vp and smile vpon me.

Iuli. Pray away.

Ray. Come I haue word sufficeint nor will any longer be kept of thus weary of delay, I meane to worke you.

Iule Lay ofy our wicked hands.
Adders and Scorpions shall as soone imbrace me,
Shall my deare mistris that equally laments:
My aduers Fate, which heeres if not aboue it.
And in her teares lies bath'd, breaking her sighs:
Into as many pieces, as if she striud
To number vp her sins, which are no more,
Then will make truth appeare that she must sin,
And shall I throw away all thought of her,
That altogether thinks of Heauen and me,
Whom hourely she solicites and ascends,
And calls me along with her in her Prayers,
Shall I forget this Lady, and to lust
Prostrate my selfe to him that workes her ruine.
First, may Heauen point me out, his marke for vengeance.
And I vnable to auoyd the stroake,

Be

Be rent and torne as Thunder doth an Oake,

Ray. Stay—— you are too wilfull.

Iul. Is that all?

Ray. Here me—— I will ſpeake what ſhalbe liking to thee. Prythy come backe; ſo well I doe perceiue thou lou'ſt the Ducheſſe, that her affliction's thine.

Iul. They are.

Ray. Canſt thou caſt off griefe with her releaſement?
If I ſhall bring her ſound vnto the Duke,
In euery circumſtance, and fixe her ſure:
Nay ſet her one ſtaire higher then ſhe was,
And make him honor what before he admir'd.
Wilt thou then make a paſſage for my loue,
And open me away into thy heart?

Iul. I will.

Ray. Wilt thou? giue me a kiſſe vpon the premiſſes.

Fre. Ile giue you a kiſſe anon, in your good father the Diuels name.

Ray. I hold heauen in my armes, and all the ioyes:
Wut thou be iuſt to me?

Iul. As you are vnto me; for if you proue
The maſter of your word, I wilbe ouer mine the miſtres,
And though it be a iewell I eſteeme,
I neuer ſaw how I coud part with it better.

Ray. Another kiſſe, and go and promiſe vnto all thy friends, and to the Ducheſſe ſelfe, her liberty.

Fre. You are a villaine.

Ray. Ha.

Fre. You are damn'd.

Ray. What voyce is that?

Iul. I heard none.

Fre. I will cut your throate.

 Ray. Cut

Ray. Cut my throate.

Fre. I, your Weason pipe, your Gullet, this vngodly Gullet.

Ray. Swoones it pincht me by the throate.

Fre. Your best crie out murder.

Ray. This is another voice allied to that which pleaded for the Duchesse, but not the same, and it is meerely Witchcraft. I feare thee not Diuell, or Diuels mate, friend or acquaintantance.

Iul. Who do you talke to?

Ray. A scuruie voice, I know not, nor do care for,
An yet it troubles me, I cannot see
The thing that sets it going. Be you
Carefull and constant. In the afternoone
Come to my lodging, I will haue the Duke there
And you shalbe a witnesse of my working,
And of the subtill proiects I haue laid,
To execute your wishes, till then farewell.

Iul. Farewell.

Ray. A poxe vpon thee what so ere thou art.

Fred. 'Twill come home.

Ray. Shew thy selfe and be the Prince of Diuels,
Ile not feare thee.

Fred. No, the great Diuell and you are all one, which shewes I am no Diuel; for if I were, I durst not thus abuse (thee.

Ray. What art?

Fred. A pleasant fellow Sir, and one of the noble Science, for looke you Sir, ther's a Venie.

Ray. O, Swoones he has stabd me.

Fred. No Sir no, I am a blunt fellow, & so my weapon; nay, I wonnot leaue you thus. *Exit after Ray.*

Doril. Here's my sister, but very sad me thinks:

How

How now *Iulia*, why so disconsolate.

Iul. O brother we are vndon; All's out of ioynt againe
As much or rather more then euer. *Dor.* How?

Iul. The Duke's in old fit, and the poore Princesse
Clapt vp close prisoner, looke to your selfe
Or you are lost.

Dori. Be it so; for life is wearisome sister, do you loue (me

Iul. Why shud you aske a question so friuolous.

Dori. Do you? *Iul.* You know I do.

Dori. Shew it then; for till you satisfie me in my request, I shall make doubt of it. *Iul* Pray speake it.

Dori. Here's a Gentleman to whom I owe,
More then my parents gaue me, more then
If Fortune shud looke vp and smile,
Proue a prodigall in fauors to me;
And I shud liue to take 'hem with this hand,
And with this, pay it as due Tribute vnto him:
See how he languishes, can take no rest,
No foode, but thoughts which nourish him,
And sighs againe for you, drinkes his owne teares,
And weeps them forth again, yet does not cal you cruel,
Pray speake to him.

Iul. Why alas? brother I did tell this man
How hopelesse I was, prayd him to desist,
And make some better choyce.

Ber. You did Lady, but I must die first.

Iul. Why if you be so desperate a louer,
That you will die for me, thinke me the like,
That I can die as well for him I loue.

Ber. You were good company to go to heauen with.

Lan. I, but if either of you go that way, you take
An ill course in your iourney.

Doril. Haue you then plac'd your heart on any man?
Iul Yes beleeue me, though I haue made no noyse
With sighs, able to blow vp mountaines.
Doril. What is he?
Iul. One that you prai s'd your selfe into my heart,
Although his youth and feature need no Orator.
Doril. I prayſd! *Iulia* you wrong me.
Iul. By *Cupids* selfe I donnot.
Doril. Name him.
Iul. 'Tis an vnreasonable request in you,
But yet to shew I am not asham'd of him,
It is yong *Bernard.*
Ber. Who Lady? pray speake that name againe.
Iul. Yong *Bernard.*
Ber. *Bernard la Vere.*
Iul. The same. *Puls of his disguis'd*
Ber. I thanke you. *Haire.*
Doril. Nay Sister, once you are catcht.
Lan. But in no worse trap then her louers Armes
Ber. Nor shall you euer be asham'd of him, nor yet
Repent you, for he will loue as faithfully
As you, and liue and die with you.
Iul. There is no giuing backe, welcome my loue,
And in a time that I did wish for thee;
Yet I shall startle you and trie your temper: *aside.*
For since I haue found away how to infranchise
My poore afflicted mistresse, Ile be pleasant.
Ber. I neuer thought before, a man might be
In heauen and not know it, as to haue a dwelling
In your heart and be ignorant of the blisse, Is little lesse.
Iul. O but my *Bernard*, we do neuer meete
With any happinesse, but some kinde of mischiefe

Mingles

Mingles still with it, yet tis more or lesse,
As you shall make of it, if you might take me now:
Why, I were worth your loue, for I am yet;
(I did not lye much, if I said a Virgin)
But without blushing I dare say a Mayde.

Ber. It is not to be doubted.

Iul. But it is to be lost.

Lan. That is not to be doubted neyther.

Iul. But not on him, for so it is not lost,
To deale directly with you, I cannot bring,
That thing call'd maiden.head, for it is promis'd,
And if you cannot loue me without that,
Deale plainely then with me, as I with you,
And I will looke out for another man:
Another handsome man, a Citizen,
That shall make much of me, and not a whit,
Loue me the worse for want of such a trifle.

Ber. I know sweete *Iulia* you were euer merry,
And not beyond a Maydens modesty.
But this is very strange, *Enter* Frederick

Fre. But not so strange as true, I am a witnesse of it,
She has giuen away her mayden head to the Diuell,
For an old whooremaster is little better.

Dori. That is *Fredericks* voice.

Fre. But as she said 'tis but a trifle: a cold Comodity
A man may buy at some time of the yeere,
Like Cowcumbers, at any time for a small Ring,
A Purse, or a payre of Gloues, for so your country
Wenches part with them, your Citty for an Apple.

Lan. Ther's none of you see him.

Dori. Not I.

Lan. He has found the Ring.

Dori. Very likely.

 Lan Nay

Lan. Nay most certaine, and let him keepe it, for being ignorant in the vertue of it, it may be some sport to vs to heare him chase being lost to all mankind.

Fre. Doctor thou drop'st.

Ber. The diuell what art thou, I see thee not.

Fre. No more, thou shalt him that does cucklod thee.

Lan. Thats true, whilst he enioyes the iuuisible Ring.

Iul. O you are a stoute louer to be deiected thus, for such a vanitie as a Maidenhead is, you'd ill endure to haue your wife run away with another man two or three yeere together, and afterward brought home, and againe accepted with Suppers and with Trumpets.

Lan. A plagy smart wench.

Iul. But since it is so estimate a Iewell,
Come my *Barnard* w'eele not part with it,
But lay our heads together how to preserue it. *(going out, he calls,*

Fre. Why but do you heare, shall I be lost thus
Will none of you acknowledge me, *Iulia*,
Doctor *Dorilus*.

Dori. *Frederick* by the voice.

Fre. And *Frederick* by flesh and bloud as good as any man or woman wud desire, feele me else.

Dori. I do feele a hand.

Fre. And yet perceiue no body.

Dori. Right.

Fre. Right, but by your leaue all is not right; either your eies are drawn aside, or my bodie is taken assunder, and nothing left certaine of mee but a hand and a voice, mas heere comes *Smirke*, Ile try the strength of his eiesight.

Land. I beseech you stay, heere is a prowise of some mirth.

Enter

Enter Smirke *with ſeuerall pots of colours.*

Fre. Smirke well met.

Smi. Not ſo my friend, well ouertaken you may ſay, But I am in haſt, therefore farewell. What are there rubs in the aire, 'tis ſome little dandiprat, that I ouerrun, and ten to one he has broke his Noſe againſt my Pipkin, Where art thou? *Fre.* Heere.

Smi. Heere, where is that heere.

Fre. What has he got tro there painting: that it is, ſince you know me not, Ile beſtow a little paines to picture you, that the beſt friend you haue, ſhall hardly take acquaintance of you.

Smi. A Pox of theſe Flyes, theile neuer leaue ſweete Mutton, but my friend, my friend, hees gone poore ſelfellow againe.

Fre. Tis ſtrange you know not me.

Smi. I ſhud know that voyce.

Fre. You ſhud do ſo, if you wud call your ſelfe to mind

Smi. My yong maſter *Frederick* and quondam Lord where are you?

Fre. Heere man heere.

Smi. Something plaies with my Noſe I beleeue tis my whisking Muſchatus, now I am come i'the wind.

Fre, What doſt thou do with this painting *Smirk?*

Smi. Marry I meane to liue by it and purpoſe to ſet vp my old trade againe. *Fre.* Thy old trade, what's that?

Smi. Why a Stainer, I haue hir'd a Shop not far from Court. And I haue painted the moſt horrible things that many men know not what to make of them, I drew *Hercules* a great while a goe in the likenes of a man, and now euery one ſaies he lookes like a Lion. Then I drew *Acteon* hunted with his owne dogs, & they ſay 'tis like a Citizen purſu'd with Seriants.

Fre. Why

Fre. Why, but canst thou draw any thing into proportion?

Smi. Can I draw any thing into proportion; why, I will presently draw you backward or forward, a limb, twoo'd do you good to behold it.

Fre. And thou beest so good a workeman, thou shalt draw my Picture.

Smi. I wud be glad to see your face sir, if it please you to come out of the Cloud.

Frede. Well *Smirke*, pray for me, I am a man, but in this world I haue small store of mony, and therfore cannot reward thee as I wud, but hold thee, giue mee thy hand, I can see to take thee by it, ther's a Ring, 'twill yeeld thee somewhat.

Smi. I thanke you sir, it will serue to exchange for a Corrall for my sonne and heire when I haue him.

Lan. Now step out altogether and salute him.

All Good Senior you are welcome to the light,

Fre. To the light: why, do you perceiue me now?

Dori. As plaine as the earth we tread on.

Fre. Whers *Smirke?*

Smi. Here I am Sir.

Fre. VVhere, come neere me, O the Ring, the Ring, Giue me my Ring againe, I find the vertue,

Smi Nay, soft, so play fooles, nothing is surer then (gift.

Fre. Come neere me that I may touch thee.

Smi. I know what the Prouerbe saies, touch me and take me, and therefore I will keepe aloft, Zfoote hee is strucken purblind, hee gropes like a young Nouice, the contrarie way. What, are these blind too?

Fre. Good Gentlemen helpe me to lay hold of him.

Lan. Lay hold of whom.

Fre. Of

Fre. Of *Smirke.*

Land. Smirke, why he is gone.

Fre. No, he is heere, I ſmell the oyly Raſcall.

Smi. They are all blind, or elſe I walke inviſible, Ile try that preſently. *Kiſſes Iulia.*

Iul. How now?

Smi. Nothing but a Fleſh-flye forſooth lighted vpon your lips, the place is full of hem——— Some-body has ſprinckled inuiſible Virgins water vpon me for I doe goe inſenſible. Heere comes the two Egges, I ſhall goe neere to crack their Crowes, for the laſt abuſe, but walking as I doe, I will find out a better reuenge.

Enter Callow *and* Ranoff.

Cal. Sirrah I thinke it was much heereabout that we metwith the taking voyce that kickt vs?

Ran. Twas indeed.

Smi. I wud kick you againe, but that I haue Cornes on my Toes, I will only pencill you now. And becauſe you haue ſo much knauery and want colour for't I will begin with Orange tawny.

Call. What was that?

Ran. What,

Cal. Someting croſt my Noſe.

Ran. A Dore, a Dore, the fields are full of them.

Smi. I'le giue you the Dore too.

Ran. There was another wip't me in the ſame place.

Smi. Cauſe you are a Knight, you ſhall beare a Croſſe

Ran. How now?

Zſoote I thinke ſome Bird has wraid in my eye.

Cal. No tis nothing but the dew falls I thinke.

A Pox ont, I am paid againe.

Ran. There are ſome gadflies ſure abroad, lets make away.
Another wipe firſt.
Cal. Ha,ha,ha.
Ran. Why do you laugh my Lord? ha,ha,ha.
Smi. Nay, Ile put in too, for my ha,ha,ha,ha.
This is a three mans laughter.
Cal. But why do you laugh my Lord? ha,ha.
Ran. ha,ha, Pray why do you laugh my Lord?
Cal. For nothing, for nothing, come prithie lets goe.
Ran. I pray lets goe, ha ha,
Smi. I am glad I haue made you merry.
Fre. Where art thou? So deare I loue thee for this peece of knauery that I could kiſſe thee, prithy let me kiſſe thee.
Smi. No, no, kiſſing, I do briſtle too much.
Fre. Ile giue thee another Ring.
Smi. No no, no more Rings, I ſhall thinke my ſelfe an Alderman, and grow proud then.
Lan. Come let him alone with it.
Smi. If you know any Ladie that deales in complexion you may doe me a kindneſſe to acquaint her that *Smirke* the ſeruingman is turu'd a Painter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Frederick, Cornelius *and* Carolus.

Cor. How now *Carolus*, how do's my Lord?
Caro. Troth ſcuruely, as a Lord may do in his caſe.
Fer. Why how i'ſt man.
Caro. Wicked, wicked, extreme wicked, he cannot ſay his Praiers.
Fer. Why? is he ſpeechleſſe.
Cor. What a Pox is that to the purpoſe, has he made his will.

Caro. Yes

Caro. Yes, And in his will he doth will and command that you two ſhall be whipt, and that he has bequeathed you for your legacy.

Cor. Let him beſtow it vpon his friends, we can liue without it.

Fer. But prithee ſirrah, tell vs the manner of his ſicknes which was wondrous ſtrange and ſuddaine.

Caro. Why how ſhoud I know more then you, I am none of his Phiſician.

Cor. They ſay but be it ſpoken in priuate that a Rat hants him, is it ſo? thou canſt tell.

Fer. A Rat, a pox of a Rat, Zbloud I heard otherwiſe.

Cor. Well, lets heare what haſt thou heard.

Fer. Marry Sir that the Neopolitan Canker has ſearcht into his bones; and he lies buried in vleers, ſtincks ſo that without perfumes, nobody is able to abide him. But mum mum, not a word of this I ſpeake, it is amongſt fellowes and friends.

Caro. Tis well you do ſo, for otherwiſe your legacies wud be beſtowd vpon you, a yard or two of whipcord is no great coſt, and the executors wud goe to the charge, Zbloud what Raſcalls are you to vtter this, you are the inuenters of it.

Fer. Not I by this hand, I heard mine at my Barbers,

Cor. And I heard mine at the Apothecaries.

Car. Why heers the miſery of great men, they cannot ſcape the ſlaunders of their ſlaues looke you yonder goes one of the Doctors, you were beſt (to be better ſatisfied) inquier of him.

Fer. Not I, I loue not to be inquiſitue.

Enter a Docter.

Doct. Wher's any of my Lords Gentlemen there.

Cor. Heer's a Leash of vs Sir.

Doct. One of you must instantly take horse, and ride to Doctor *Lopez*, and bring him hither with all speede that may be: his counsell is wanting, and it concernes your Lords life; therefore make hast, and tell him so to: Tell him the Duke will else be heere before him; from whom, if so it happen, he will receiue a check.

Caro. we shall sir, we shall.

Fer. The Duke, why is the Duke sent for?

Caro Yes, & has sent word he will be heere immediatly.

Fer. BerLady Sir, then tis to be thought the dangers more then euery Ague brings, & t'will go hard with him.

Caro. Why make not you more hast then to the doctors?

Fer. I make more hast, why do's not he or you?

Caro. I, why I was not bidden.

Fer. Nor I. *Caro.* Why, nor I, more particular then you.

Fer. But you must goe that answered.

Caro. Why you may goe as well as I that answered.

Fer. By this Aire not I.

Caro. By this Earth nor I.

Cor. By this Aire, Earth, Fire and Water too, not I: zbloud I get no more then you, and why shud I then?

Caro. This is very well, suppose my Lord for want of this same Doctor now shall die.

Cor. Why, what can I helpe it.

Car. Why you may by fetching him. *Cor.* And so may you.

Caro. And so may he. *Fer.* And so may you.

Caro. I care not, nay do as you please.

Fer. Why, nor I neither.

A Bed thrust out, Enter Lady the old Lord, some other Lady and Aliens.

Cor. Zsoote he shifts his Rome, I'le not be seene.

Fer. Bir-

Fer. ByrLady Sir nor I.
Ray. Who went for *Lopez?*
Car. *Ferdinand* my Lord.
Ray. Is he not come yet?
Car. No my Lord, nor gone yet I beleeue.
Ray. Oh, my bloud boyles, as if the Sunne
Had darted all his beames into my intrailes.
Short shot my soule, and like the shaft
Shot by great *Hercules*, flie till thou break'st,
Or else, strike through the body of the Sun,
And fixe thy selfe in heauen a brighter Starre.
What shall I do? Is there no powre in Physicke?
Swoones are you dumbe, Doctors can you not talke,
Though you do nothing else?
Doct. Alas my Lord, we know not what to say.
Ray. Why then you might a said, that you can say,
That you know nothing, but your owne
Priuiledge, to kill vnpunish'd; yet are you apt
When Nature workee her selfe, to assume it yours.
O my torment, when wut thou cease? get you gone,
Impostures as you are, and cousen people
That haue faith in you; for I haue found
No Art, but Voice among you.
Car. Away Phisitians, go; my Lord thinks ye are fooles,
And so do I: Therefore begon, begon.
Ray. Is not the Duke come yet?
Car. No my good Lord; but here are the Diuines.
Ray. They ase verie welcome.
Bishops. How does your Lordship?
Ray. Wondrous well satisfied in any point touching my saluation: onely one burden on my conscience lies, for the Duke himselfe to take away. *Enter Duke.*

Caro. The Duke is come.

Ray. Then all the rest I pray depart the roome.

Duke How is it man?

Ray. Cheerefull, wondrous cheerefull, all this whole day I felt not such a minute.

Duke Be comforted good *Raymond*, me thinkes I see another age of life yet shine in thee, your eie is quick and sprightly, death doth not shew himselfe in any part.

Ray. Your grace is a good comforter, and your sight blowes vp this sparke of life to such a light which is but as a twinckling before death.

Therefore I do beseech your Maiesty,
As in this life and after death you'le stand,
In history to the last houre of Time,
A iust religious Prince to which I know,
In your owne inclination you aspire,
Euen for the Dukedomes peace, O —— your pardon:
My breath I find will faile me, —— your pardon Duke.
And quickly speake it; or I shall not heare you.

Duke What, what shal I pardon? good *Raymond* speake, I gather by thy speech thou wouldst vnfold, somthing of consequence; you must not part thus with me, therefore good *Raymond* speake, borrow a little time of death, and I will pay it back out of my life: deare *Raymond* donnot leaue me thus vnsatisfied, for if you doe, Ile follow you to learne it. *Ray.* O I haue wrong'd you.

Duke Neuer, neuer good *Raymond*.

Ray. By that strong power which raises me I haue,
And lends me breath to vtter it; and this Ladie,
Where is she and the Princesse all of ye,
For when you first began your iealousie,
Vpon a small presumption, I as apt.

And

And ſuddaine as your ſelfe in feare to find,
The iſſue of a Prince which Heauen aduert,
So baſely baſtardize, held vp your thought,
Told you of former and familiar tricks,
In the like nature I had ſeene betweene them,
Which I proteſt was then out of my care,
That ſuch a thing might be, rather then any crime,
That euer I knew ſhe was guilty of,
Send for her therefore, and condemne your raſh
Falſe ſuppoſitions, and pardon mine,
That grew but out of yours, but once being growne,
It ſpred into more branches then your owne,

Duke What is thy purpoſe.

Ray. Religious as the Churches which is,
To cleare all doubts aud preſent Truth,
In her owne Garments, to protect innocence,
And from her white hand lift her out of ſlanders,

Duk. By which you wud inferre my Dutcheſſe honeſt

Ray. By all the beſt hopes of a dying man,
This being a time not to ieſt breath away.
There does not liue this daie in Chriſtedome,
A Queene nor anie woman through the world,
More trulie vertuous, and as I ſpeake truth,
So may I faile or find it.

Duke Whether my ioies are ſenſuall or immortall,
I cannot ſay but ſurely I do feele,
And ſtand on ſuch a change as if my ſoule,
Were melted into bloud, or my bloud turnd,
To ſoule which lights, me vp freſh Tapers,
Whoſe inſtructiue beames direct me to the Hart
Of my deare Dutcheſſe, where chaſtity I find,
Hath built her temple - within there. *Enter Dutcheſſe.*

Attend. My

Attend. My Lord.

Duke. Here, take my Signet, deliuer it to
Lord *Lodwicke*, command him bring the Duchesse,
And waite vpon her hither, withall the speed
And diligence his dutie can performe.

Att. I shal my Lord, and as I'm one of the honest men
I am glad to heare it. *Enter Iulia.*

Duke O noble Ladie, how shall I look thy mistres i'the face, that blush at sight of thee? prithie stand by me, and imbolden me, bee my Genius, prompt mee what I shall say, or the Scean's spoild; I shalbe out, my tongue doth falter for ioy conceiu'd of her great goodnes, for griefe of her much iniurie.

Iul. As in the fiction, Giants make war with heauen,
But are strooke dead, so malice may strike at Vertue;
But at last, I see the blow will light where it began.
Welcome my Roiall mistresse, and I hope
Vnto more comfort, then euer yet the *Saxon*
Court affoorded, it beares the likeliest face
Vpon vs now. *Enter the Duchesse*

Duke Why do you kneele to me? the slanderer
Ought to aske pardon of the slandred,
My owne Law teaches it. Pray do you rise,
Or I will neuer thinke my selfe forgiuen.

Duch. Nay now my Lord I feare you sent for mee to mocke me.

Duke God and all good men at my greatest need
Requite me with a mocke, if I meane any.
O let me now expire, and be the happie messenger
To sing this newes to heauen, such and so great.

Ray. So happie reconcilements make the Angels,
Treade the bright ring, and from the ordred spheares,

Strikes

Strikes heauenly musicke to all earthly eares:
Giue me your roy all pardon and remit me,
The hand of death lies cold and weighty on me,
And what is he but must sinke vnder it,
Therefore goe exercise your ioyes where griefe,
May not be heard to expresse her selfe in teares,
For sorrow still sings loud vnto our eares,

Dor. O my Lord,

Ray. Deare Princes speake no more, I know your hart,
But as you loue my quiet, leaue me to it,
For I do find an enclination to
Rest and sleepe, and perhaps my last.

Duke. Come then lets leaue him sicknesse is froward,
And one while company is pleasing to it,
Another while offensiue, *Raymond* farewell,
Heauen to his mercy take or restore thee.

Roy. Good Duke I thanke thee, let me kisse thy hand,
And yours best Dutchesse, and Lady yours, —— so
Now if you will be gone, you may,
Sicknesse knowes no manners.

Duke Wee'le trouble you no longer *Raymond.*

Ray. Why I thanke you, and all good lighten on you.
But not stay —— *Carolus.*

Caro. My Lord.

Ray. Are they all forth the roome?

Caro. Yes my Lord.

Ray. Actiue as fire I spring out of my graue then,
And will see some before me e're I dye,
That are more fit for Earth and Heauen then I,
Fetch me some water, and a cup of wine,
Ile drinke my owne health and my lust shall pledge it,
Do I beare earth about me, sure I donnot;

For in this extasie, I haue no feeling,
No vse of feete, but ride and racke i'th Aire,
Like a black Cloud, holding in his hand lightning,
And in this a tempest, giue me, and goe
And vnderstand the cause of *Iulias* stay,
It puts me into doubts and she shou'd goe
Away now with the Queene and cheat my hopes,
I haue made a sickmans plot of it,
But *Iulia* is Religious in her vowes,
Knowes what it is to sweare, and what to breake 'hem.
How now villaine, why returnd without her?

Caro. Why she is gone my Lord.

Ray. Be thou gon to then, and after her and fetch her,
And bring her to me, or lay downe thy duty,
And let me neuer see it in a face,
Or an officious leg againe presented,
Zoones are you scraping there when I forbid you.

Caro. Alas my Lord.

Ray. My Lord, my Loggerhead, begon. *Enter* Iulia.

Caro. O Maddam, you come like to the Halcion, and bring faire weather with you.

Ray. Thou art my truth, and I will studdy thee,
No more shall misbelieſe enter my thoughts:
For thy Idea standing in my heart,
As in a Temple shall fright all false suggestions,
To the Tartars. Giue me instead of Lawrell,
For my deed a sugred kisse, and crowne my ioyes.

Iul. Away you are a villaine, I came back to tell you so: And long life which is a blessing to others, vnto thee's a curse: thou shame of such a reuerence dost not see, to what a monster lust in thee is growne: at lest in mens immaginations.

A man as old in ſhow as time himſelfe,
Made vp for counſell like another Neſtor:
At leaſt in mens imaginations,
To be ſo monſtrous Goatiſhly inclind.
O fie my Lord! thinke with your ſelfe this ill,
Prouokes not in the fleſh, but in your will:
Your bloud moues ſlow and cold, and all the fire,
That ſtrikes vp any heat, is in deſire:
I bluſh for you, thinke of it.

Ray. Yes i'le thinke of it, but you ſhall giue me time,
And you and I will now goe and conſult of it.

Iul. Keepe of.

Ray. Why you wonnot, ſtab.

Iul. Yes to the hart beleeue it.

Ray. Why then a combat, look you, I am prouided too
Will you yeeld now?

Iul. No.

Ray. This wud ſhew handſome on a Stage,
An old man and a woman at the point:
Beleeue it i'le ſtab too.

Iul. Thy worſt: for I will mine.

Ray, This is ſcuruey wooing, *Iulia* no more.

Iul. Farwell then, and repent,

Ray. Nay then you ſtir me, yeeld, or I will force thee.
And after pay, thy periury with death,
Are you ſo manniſh.

Enter Duke, Ducheſſe *and all the reſt ſpectators.*

Duke Deſiſt vild rauiſher.

Ray. Ha, the Duke, then rage riſe high in me,
And add vnto this wickedneſſe a worſe.

Enter Bernard *with his Dagger drawne.*

Ber. Villaine, what wilt thou do, keepe of.

Dor. Good my Lord.

Duke I must see *Dorilus* aliue or dead,
To view how big the wound was that I gaue him,
For I will haue griefe dig one in my breſt,
As deepe as it is, and as mortall too.

Dor. Why heere is *Dorrilus.*

Duke Prayers of Princes fall on thee, doſt thou liue
To tell me that my ſword doth want an edge,
But when it ſtrikes offenders, riſe *Dorilus*:
And thus vnto thy Miſtreſſe I preſent thee,
As the beſt Iewell that I haue to giue her,
For a true Seruant is of that eſteeme.

Dor. Sir, I thanke you, but I returne him back,
As fitteſt for your ſeruice.

Fre. Heeres giuing and taking as if thei'd both be rid of him.

Duke Why I thanke thee, and I receiue him gladly.
Now wher's he that wud haue Iuſtice?

Guido Heere my Leige.

Duke Againſt whom wud'ſt thou haue Iuſtice?

Guido Againſt the Preſident of Wittembergh.
Who falling foule with the learned *Landoff*
Tutor vnto my ſonne, is thought by moſt
And of the wiſeſt of the Vniuerſity,
To haue by ſome trecherous plot made them away,
He nor my ſonne hauing bin ſeene ere ſince.

Lan. Why heere is *Landaff* ſir, your poore friend in ſafetie.

Guido *Landoff*, where is my ſonne?

Ber. Heere ſir, with a daughter to boote.

Guido Now Gods bleſſing a'thy heart, if thou haſt con-ſen'd me thus.

Ber. E'ne thus Sir.

Rise with my blessing on you both.

Fre. So they are own'd, no body calls vpon me, nor regards me, nor to say the truth, I regard nobody: the losse of my inuisible Ring has broke my heart, now when I knew the vertue of it, to lose it, and to an ideot, an innocent, that deserues not to vnderstand the vertue of it, what dainty deuices might I haue had in euery Chamber of the Court, seene such a Lord, kisse such a Lady the wroug way, such a Knight, he with his Chambermaid, and his Lady with her Groome, the Vsher with the waiting-Gentlewoman, and the page with all Phœbus himselfe must a come short of those things, I shud seen, for one inuisible Ring wud discouer another.

Du. How now, whats the cause of this? why kneele you al?

Dor. For that which I ioyne with them too.
Lord *Raymond*s life, banish him the Court,
And let him be confin'd to his house i'th country.

Duke Thou must not aske twice what I shall deny,
Rise, 'tis granted you; see you haue good friends,
And a gracious mistresse.

Ray. I see't, and shame to see my selfe,
How had the Diuell blinded me, I could not
See your rare vertues, O let my penitence,
Which if it be not zealous, iust heauens strike,
That breath into my throat, againe which formes,
The words I vtter, and let 'hem strangle me:
Let my true penitence I say beget,
Another verue in you, besides mercy,
Credulity that I am truly sorry,
For the bold mischiefes gainst you and my Prince:
A guilty conscience followed by despaire,
Light on all Traytors to their Soueraigne,

Wants

Wants to the extreamst sicknesse without succor,
Without all good mans pitty and their prayers,
Fall on the slanderers of your sex:
Diseases rot him liuing, dead no graue,
But rauenous Fowles, become his sepulcher,
His bones kickt vp and downe by his enemies,
And charitable men allow of it,
Hell and the Diuels, plying him with torments:
Bast his black soule, that he may roare so loud:
As to the earth crying he heard may be,
Who slanders women, may be damnd like men.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Cornelius.

Cor. Will there be such Reuels say you.

Fer. Yes, but no words, for it must be kept priuate.

Cor. Priuate, why there are gone out Proclamations, that whosoeuer can by deuice, or any quicke conceits delight the Duchesse, he shall haue correspondent to his qualitie an Annuall stipend besides the fauour of the Duke for euer.

Fer. Such a thing was talkt of, for the Duke now dotes farre more on the Duchesse then at first; and whatsoere is done, is to delight her.

Cor. 'Tis a better hearing then the old Iealousies. Whats your Lord confin'd to his house i'the conntrie.

Fer. Yes.

Cor. And how find you your new Lord.

Fer. Very noble, and so doth beare himselfe to euery man

man, harke, yonders such a coile with the Musitians, the Masquers, and the Dancers, who now are practising.

Cor. Is not the Poet amongst them.

Fer. Yes, and which is a miracle a Masquer,
The learned *Landoff*, who now although he be
A professed Acamedian,
Has laid aside his grauer waightier studdies,
To exercise his skill not yet forgotten,
Being brought vp a Page at Court, and practis'd
Much in that quallity--- Harke I must leaue you,
I haue a charge committed to me.

Cor. May I not vnder your protection,
Behold the sports.

Fer. I cannot tell, I will not promise you,
For my Lord's very strickt, Ile do my best.

Cor. Why I thanke you.

Enter Smirke.

Smirke I donnot know how it comes about that I shud bee lost thus; villanous witchcraft will neuer bee left, I am faine to giue ouer my shop, but I had broke; howsoeuer my painting cloath was so rotten, it could not hold together, but the best is, I shall liue like a Gentleman, because I walke inuisible, hay I am not only inuisible to other men, but to my selfe: I went this morning to a looking-Glasse, to be acquainted with this comely countenance, the diuel of countenance there was to be acquainted with; the Glasse seem'd to me like a deepe water, that I began to feele with my hands for feare I might a beene drown'd: But finding my selfe aboue ground, and hunger tumbling like a Porpin in my Maw, and doing the Somerset in my Guts, I smelt a Surloine of Beefe hot from the Spit followed the traine close, set in my foote,

drew

drew my knife, slic'd me off a Collop, clapt it vpon a penny loafe, went me to a side Table, consum'd it without any body saying much good do you, or the Diuell choake you. Set my lips to a Flagon of Beere, drunke twice with a breath, set it downe againe, tooke it vp againe, and drunke it as dry as a Bisket: so that I perceiue I cannot starue. And for cloathes, 'tis nomatter how I go, no body sees me. *Enter Lord Lodwicke.*

Lod. Pray giue 'hem great charge at the outward dores They admit none but such as are Courtiers,
The Hall must not be pestred. Wher's *Ferdinand?*

Ferd. Here my Lord.

Lod. Pray haue a care those lights be not offensiue vnto the Ladies, they hang suspiciously, and let the hangings be remou'd.

Ferd. They shall my Lord, wher's *Pedro?*

Pedro. Here Sir.

Fer. Looke to those lights I pray, my Lord is very angry, fearing they might do trespasse, and those hangings must be remoued.

Pedro. They shall sir,---where's any of the Groomes?

Groome. Heere Sir.

Pedro. Pray looke to these lights, and let the hangings be remoued, the Gentleman Vsher has commanded it.

Groome They shall sir, where's the fellow heere shud looke vnto these lights, things are done so vntowardly.

Smirke No body sees me, I come in like the aire, when Lords and Ladies stand waiting for this officer and tother officer, country gentlemen their pates broke, & citizens wiues thrust vp and downe in euery corner, their husbands kept out with flame and Torch, glad to fetch a nap i'th Cloysters.

Enter Ferdinand, Groomes *with Torches.*

Groome. Beare backe there, beare backe, roome for my Lord *Lodwicke.*

Lod. Here Madame you shall face the Duke and Duchesse; 'tis the best place to see in all the Hall.

Lady. I thanke your honour.

Lod. Haue a little patience, the Reuels will beginne immediatly.

Groomes. Roome for my Lord, beare backe, swoones whither wud you?

Lod. Well said, thou dost more good with thy oaths then all they with their Trunchions.

Groo. The Duke is comming.

Musicke. *Enuy and pleasure passe e're the stage.*

Enuie. Sports are intending which I will haue crost.
Add clouds to night, that pleasure may be lost.

Plea. Enuy thou wound'st thy selfe in spight of thee,
This I breake foorth, and of obscuritie.

Smir. This is the foure winds driuing of fiue
Diuels----This same Ring wud faine giue
Me the slip, I must e'ne pocket him, for
Feare of the worst.

Groome. How now sirrah, what make you here?

Smir. Why, do you see me?

Groome. See you; yes marry doe I: And get you gone quickely, or you shall feele----I see you, go, begone this is no place for such as you.

Smirk. Humh: Am I become a wretch againe, and mortall?

The Masquers preparing to dance.

Enter Smirke againe.

Smirk. I am got in againe, and haue found the tricke of it, thankes my deare Iem; a man may haue an inuisible Ring I see, and not know of it; I wonder'd that I grew palpable, now I perceiue how the matter went: thankes my deare Iem, I say still, I will not lose this finger that I haue my inuisible Ring vpon, for the best ioyns at the Barres.

Is this all the deuices, sports, and delights, the Duke shall haue for his money: the Proclamation promised reward for him that coud shew any varieties, and ist all come to a dull Masque? Ile shew his Grace some sport my selfe, with helpe of my inuisible Ring, which now must off againe. By your Maiesties leaue; and the rest of the Honorable——

Duke. How now, what's he?

Smirk. What's he? Why he is the miracle of your Kingdome.

Duke. How the Miracle!

Smirk. I, and can doe wonders——now you see me you know me.

Fred. Yes Sir, I do know you.

Smir. And you know not me, you know nobody. But keepe off my Lord.

Doril. Prythy keepe off.

Smir. You see me you say, Duke I speake to thee.

Duke. Yes Sir, I see you.

Smir. And you all see me.

Land. We doe all see you.

Smirk. Verie good, and I doe see all you: but what's that to the purpose?

Land. Very little to purpose indeede,

Smir.

Smir. Shall I demonstrate matter of Art,
And haue nothing for my paines?

Lan. Yes marrie shall you, does not the Proclamation tell you shall.

Smir. Proclamations may say what they list,
Something in hand doth well.

Duke. Some body giue him something.

Smir. I, but no body heares not on that Eare, yet because I ——wonnot doe Royaltie wrong, in suspecting your bountie——You see me you say.

Duke. Yes we do see you.

Smir. You do. Who sees me now?

Duke. Trust me not I, he is inuisible to me.

Dor. And me.

Dori. To all.

Smir. I shoud be sorry else; for, and my inuisible Ring shoud not keepe his olde vertue, I wud hang my selfe directly.

Fre. Prithee appeare againe.

Smir. I will haue Maiestie call me first.

Lan. Why the Duke does call you.

Smir. Let me heare him *vuia voce*, *Smirke* is my name
A well beloued subiect, once a Painter,
But now Esquire of the inuisible Ring.

Duke *Smirke*, and our welbeloued subiect, once a Painter, but now Esquire of the inuisible Ring,
I coniure thee to appeare againe.

Smir. See here I am, what wudst thou mighty monarch

Duke. I do command thee let me see the Ring,
By which thou walkst inuisible.

Smir. I do command thee not to command me that,
For from my inuisible Ring I will not part.

Dor. Lay

Dor. Lay hands vpon him for a ſorcerer.

Smir. Aſſiſt me my deare Ring, no hands vpon me,
For being inuiſible, I am a Prince,
And being a Prince no hands is to be laid on me;
Treaſon doth neuer proſper.

Lan. He is gone againe.

Smi. You follow me by ſent, but neuer find me by ſight.
Ile warrant you.

Enter Spirit, Landoff, *whiſpering with him.*

Lan. Seize it and flie.

Spirit I am gone.

Smir. O, O, O.

Fre. How, who'es that exclaimes.

Smir. The cramps in my finger.

Lan. The Crampe.

Fre. O ſir, now you are viſible againe.

Smir. My Ring is gone now, the diuell go with it, for a my conſcience he fetcht it.

Lan. What haue you loſt your Ring.

Smir. I, I, and my middle finger, which ſerued me for moie vſe then all the reſt.

Lan. Thats ſtrange.

Duke But what is become of the Ring.

Land. Pardon me Liedge, that vertue that it held,
Came from my Art, and at ſome fitter time,
I will acquaint you with the paſſages,
How, and the cauſe for what it was intended:
Your gracious Dutcheſſe knowes and felt the worth,

Duk. Thy knowledge in good arts is found *Landoff*,
Nor will we be inquiſitiue of more.
Then thou ſhalt thinke it fit to be reueal'd:

For all thy Actions haue bin iust and loyall,

Lod. What meanes this Trumpet,

Lan. Perhaps some new delights and rarer.

Enter Page.

Page Thus was I bidden to my soueraigne,
Fall on my face, now rise I vp againe
To render to the Ladies faire salutes,
And giue them all their worthy atttributes,
Wonder not that I resesolutely come,
Boldly thus daring presse into this roome,
For from a Lord and knight of eminent note,
I bring this challenge; such as can reade may know't.

Fre. Very succinct and peremptory.

Lan. For this day I am master of the Reuels.

Bee it knowne vnto all men that I,— of the Court, of Saxonie, traueller, by degree a Lord, and a professed Champion for all Ladies in the lists of peace, doe challenge all Courtiers whatsoeuer, without exceptions, natiue or strangers, to cõser, court, or cõplement, in silence with discorsiue motion and true action of the face, hand, body, & leg, & afterward with the vollubily of the tong, to talk longest, fastest & lowd'st, for sence I stand not vpõ it, being seldome regarded by the party courted, therfore indeed belongs not to the Courtier: also bee it farther knowne that my assistants, Agents, or seconds, doth challenge likewise all Courtiers whatsoeuer, at the true compendious forme of compiling Epistles, *alias* Loue-Letters, to Ladies or Mistresses, either in Prose or Verse, with Prouerbes, or without Prouerbes, with Sentences, or without Sentences, Figures, or any other matter, to be performed Extempore, or not Extempore, according as it shall please the Challenged, which is to say,

the

the Defendant to determine: All which, that aforesaid, as well as this now spoken of, shall be performed by the said Challengers instantly; who onely staying to heare of any Opponents, are both ready to enter.

Lod. Here is vnexpected Sport.

Fred. Let 'hem enter, they shall be answer'd; *Smirke*, thou shalt be my Second.

Smi. Shall I, that's some comfort yet, to put the losse of the Ring out of my thought.
Shall I answere the Epistoler?

Fre. I, marry shalt thou.

Smi. Ile Pistle and Pestle him, Ile warrant him, he was nere so pounded in his life, Ile scorne to begin after my hearty commendations with him.

Land. Harke, they approach.

Enter Callow, *and* Ranoff.

Cal. Which is my Antagonist?

Fre. I am he.

Ran. And who is mine?

Smi. Behold the man, with Pen and Inke prouided.

Ran. Poore foole, thou wut but make thy selfe derided

Smi. So nimble in time, Ile first breake your head in Prose, and afterward whip you in Verse, Ile lambaste you in compleates.

Iul. Nay I will not lose the honour of being the courted Lady.

Cal. When my talking time comes I will thanke you Lady in language.

Marke how my challenge goes, twas not to talke sence onely, but longest, fastest, lowdest, and you out talke me that way, I'e giue you my tongue and euery tooth I haue to make trotters on, for I was borne and

bred

bred and nurst a talker, and of my quallity, this Lady has had some smal experience, for I did promise her to proue a talker, and for her sake do now professe, and practic't and tis in vaine for any creature to contend with me,---- I haue out downe the Lawyers of all Nations, and all women, Cossips at Christnings, after they haue drunke wine the Mid-wife being there, words flow out of my mouth like water from the Cloudes, to make a deluge, to drown all voyces but my owne, which drums nor trumpets, nor a Sea fiight can doe.

Fre. But a thump of the guts will.

Cal. O.

Fre. Tis excellent; sweete Lady to heare words,
Though they want matter, for silence does betray,
A bashfulnesse in man, vnmeete for courtiers,
For he that has a bold tongue and a free,
Can never want th'affection of Ladies,
Nor is it fit he shud, for he can keepe 'them,
Walking at midnight with a tedious tale,
And longer tis the better, because sleepe
Being accounted as some vse to call it,
Deaths image, other some his elder brother,
By how much we do vse it, by so much lesse,
We liue in this world and loose time and pleasure,
Which both to rich and poore is the chiefe treasure,
Why donnot you talke now.

Cal. Talke? if I haue breath, enough to liue, I care not.

Iul. Nay, and you giue out, you haue lost the day.

Cal. I had not faire play shew'ne me, (uersaries

Fre. Stratagems are to be allowed, against all ad-
Ile haue Iudgement on't.

All. I, I, lawfull. lawfull.

Cal. Law-

Cal. Lawfull let it be then, but if euer I challenge a man of his hands, to a tryall of skill with the tongue againe, Ile forsweare talking all dayes of my life, and that I wud be loath to doe:——If I donnot feele the very breath that shud haue beene spent in words vpwards, to twattle downeward, I am avillaine.

Smirke I beleeue I smell the meaning, stand farther off, and giue roome to me and the Epistoler, you challenge all men to compose?

Ran. I do.

Smi, With figures or without figures, with sentences or without sentences.

Ran. Tis right,

Smi. Draw out your Pen and Inkehorne, I am for you.

Lan. Giue 'hem roome, and set a Table forth.

Ran. With expedition too, I put in that.

Smi. No, expedition belongs to Clarkes, and not to Secretaries, celerity if you will.

Ran. I sir, Celerity, I meane so.

Smi. No more but so, a words enough.

Fre. But what's the subiect?

Smi. Why each of vs is to indite an Epistle to our Mistresse, is it not so?

Ran. Right. *Smi.* Then write.

Dor. This will be good mirth I hope.

Lan. Rediculous enough.

Fre. So it shud be, and yet my little *Smirke* heere has conceit, hee'le haue some flashes.

Dor. A couple of pretty scribes.

Ber. The challenger has the aduantage, he might premeditate.

Fre. No matter, *Smirks* best at a start, his wit is like

your Hackney, all a gallop, to which hee sayes, *Vtere diligentia, nec sis tantus cessator & calcoribus indigeas*, which is clawing the Pole, as for example in your Challenger.

Dori. He has rub'd it out it seemes.

Fre. Smirke goes on smoothly, without any rub,

Lan. Yet there he had one.

Fred. Hold bias, and a sentence then.

Ran. Scripsi.

Smi. Et scripsi.

Lan. Very good, now lordings lend your eares.

Ran. I will read it first my selfe.

Lan. And good reason.

Ran. Faireſt in the world, and sweetest vpon earth.

Fre. Soe.

Ran. I remember my duty to you in black and white.

Smi. I wud it had beene black and blew.

Lan. Peace.

Ran. For all coulors else waue vnder the standard of your beauty.

Smi. I wonder what part of her, is Goose-turd greene: Thats a colour.

Ran. You are the mistresse of beauty.

Smi. I wud a said the Queene or Empresse.

Ran. And all other women are but your hand-maids.

Smi. O abominable barren.

Lan. Nay *Smirke* silence, you must not interrupt your aduersary.

Ran. I can say nothing without saying too much, nor say too much without saying nothing.

Smi. I must say nothing, or else I wud say something, but heere it is shall shame thee.

Ran. Me

Ran. Me thinkes when thou ſtandſt'd in the ſun with thy Feather on thy head, and thy Fanne in thy hand, thou look'ſt like the Phœnix of the Eaſt Indies, burning in ſpices, for Cloues, Mace, and Nutmegs are in thy breath.

Smi. She wud make an excellent Waſſell-Bole.

Lan. Againe. *Smi.* I haue done.

Ran. The Aples of thy breſt are like the Lemans of *Arabia*, which makes the veſſell ſo ſweete it can neuer ſmell of the Caske.

Fre. If ſhe ſhud that might proue the Brewers fault.

Ran. Being come to your middle I muſt draw to an end, for my end is at the middle becauſe of the Prouerbe. *In Medio conſiſtet virtus*, and ſo I conclude: yours while mine owne, and afterward if it were poſſible *Marmaduke Ranoff.*

Smi. Well now let me run on, iudgement I craue.

Fre. Which thou ſhalt haue.

Smir. Illuſtrious, bright ſhining, well ſpoken, and blood ſtirring Lady.

Lan. I, marry Sir.

Smir. If the Rope of my Capacitie, could reach to the Belfrie of your Beautie, theſe words of mine like ſiluer Bels, might be worthy to hang in the eares of your fauor but the Ladder of my Inuention is to low to clime vp to the Steeple of your Vnderſtanding.

All. Excellent *Smirke.*

Smir. If it were not, I ſhoud ring out my minde to you in a ſweet Peale of moſt ſauory conceits, For your face it is like the Sun, no man is able to indure it.

All That's very good.

Smi Your forehead which I will neither compare vnto Alablaſter, nor to the Lilly, but it is as it is, and

so are both your eyes, for your Nose, it is a well arched Bridge, which for breuities sake I passe ouer: your Cheeks are like a good Comedy, worthy to bee clapt: your Lips, and your Teeth are incomparable; your Tongue like the instrument of *Orpheus*, able to tame the furies: to handle euery part of you were too much, but some particular part, no man can sufficient.

Fre. Prithee let me giue thee a b c x on the eare, for that conceit.

Smi. No my good Lord, pray keepe your bounties. From top to toe you are a sweete vessell of delight, I dare not say a Barrell, for ostentimes with much ioulting, the Brewer beates out the Bunghole, and so the good liquor runs out, but you containe yours although not hoopt about with the old fashion'd farthingall, but after the new fashion ti'd vp with points, to vntrusse at your pleasure, In which pleasure I leaue you, fairest of a hundred, and wittiest of a thousand: resting in little rest, till I rest wholy yours, in the Downe-Bed of affection, where euer standing to my vtmost, I rest all in all yours.

Fre. Coud any man say more.

Ran. Your censures heereafter Gentlmen; now Sir I challenge you in verse, in praise of tall women, and little women, and chuse your subiect, which you refuse Ile take.

Smir. Why then Ile take your little women.

Ran. And I your lusty ——— proceede.

Lan. I, heere will be some sport now.

Dor. The Duke calls to see the Epistles.

Fre. And they are worth his perusall.

Land. We must haue Patience, for this verse wonnot come

come of so roundly as your Prose.

Ber. Best haue a song to entertaine the time.

Land. 'Twere not a misse.

Musicke—— *A song.*

Ranof. Scripsi.

Smir. Sed non feci, Stay a little, here's a couple of lines, a halter on 'hem, they wonnot twist handsomely, go forward I haue ended.

Lan. Attention.

Ran. Listen you tall and likewise you low man,
I sing the prayses of a bouncing woman.
A full well set bigge-bon'd and fairely ioynted,
Fit to bid welcome men that are best appointed.

Land. Excellent.

Ran. To your tall woman your little one is nothing,
No more then is a high thing to a low thing.

All That's true.

Ran. For your small Dandiprat, I hope there's no man
That thinks her but a hobby horse to woman.
A thing to be forgot and neuer knowne,
But on a Holyday to the rout showne.
In warres the Basilisco is preferd
Before the Musket, and is lowder heard.

Lan. There's an error little and loude my friend, but passe it.

Ran. In euery triumph where there is excesse,
The greater alwayes putteth downe the lesse.
The Lionesse is more admired at,
Then her Epitome, which is a Cat.

Lan. The foole growes serious.

Fre. He has stolne it certainly.

Lan. No faith, it may be his own, for I thinke his braine

a little craz'd, and mad men shoot foorth strange things.

Ran. But to weake vnderstandings now I come,
Is your small Taber musicke to your Drum.

Smir. Hum Drum, hee has lightn'd within an Inch of a conceit of mine.

Ran. Or in instrument of peace, can there that trill
Be made vpon a Kit as a base Viole.
Iudge you my Masters, that on both haue playd,
It is but my opinion, and I haue sayd.

Fre. Beleeue it he has said well, *Smirke* looke to your selfe.

Smir. I warrant you. Giue me audience.

All Scilence.

Smir. In praise of little women I begin.
And will maintaine what I haue enter'd in.
Is not your Parochit or Marmoset
In more request then your Baboone or Parret.
Giue but your little wench freely her licour,
And to bed send her you will find her quicker;
Pearter, nimbler, both to kisse and cogge,
Then your great wench that'll lie like a logge.
And he that all day at the Drum doth labor,
Wud at night gladly play vpon a Taber.
I hope ther's no man but of this beliefe,
That Veale's more sweete and nourishing then Beefe:
Small meats is still preferd, for aske your glutton,
Heele alwayes say, Lamb's sweeter then your Mutton.
Your Smelt then whiting firmer is and sounder,
Nor must your Place compare with your neat Flounder.

Fred. Well said, now thou art in good victuals thou't neuer out.

Smir.

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Smir. In fish or flesh Ile proue it to each wight,
A Larkes leg, then the body of a Kite
Is better farre: our Bakers alwayes make
The finest flowre in the lesser Cake.
And Ile be iudge by those that Roots do eate,
That your small Turnep's better then your great.

Land. I am of thy mind too.

Smir. who list to be resolu'd, let 'hem both trie;
In that beleefe I liue, in that Ile die.

Fred. Incomparable *Smirke*, thou hast my voyce: iudgment.

All. A *Smirke*, a *Smirke*.

Coronets.

Lan. Loth to grow tedious, yet once more we would try
To giue content out of varietie. *Musicke.*
With once dance more this night sports weele end,
Your pardon if with too much zeale we offend.
Duke Landoff we thanke thee, and wish if any be,
All that are heere, be pleas'd as well as we.

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